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THE HENRIETTA

A Comedy in Four Acts.

BY

BRONSON HOWARD

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SCENE PLOT OF "THE HENRIETTA."

ACT I.

PRIVATE OFFICE OF NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE.

DARK OAK OR LIBRARY.

2 wings.
3 set doors.
1 square opening.
1 large French window.
Exterior (street) backing behind window.
Interior backings to all set doors.
Fancy borders.

NOTE.—This set should be dark, rich and as warm as possible.

CHARACTERS.

Nicholas Vanalstyne, Old Nick in the Street.

Dr. Parke Wainwright.

Nicholas Vanalstyne, Jr.

Bertie Vanalstyne, his Brother, a lamb.

Lord Arthur Trelawney, Another.

The Rev. Dr. Murray Hillton, a Shepherd.

"It was to combat and expose such as these, no doubt,
that laughter was made."—Vanity Fair.

Watson Flint, a Broker.

Musgrave, an old Clerk.

Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke, a Widow.

Mrs. Rose Vanalstyne, Wife of Vanalstyne, Jr.

Agnes, her sister, in love with Bertie.

Lady Mary Trelawney, old Vanalstyne's daughter.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

- ACT I.—Residence of Nicholas Vanalstyne, in New York. A Giant and a Lamb.
 ACT II.—The Drawing-room. A Packet of Letters. Henrietta.
 ACT III.—Private office of Watson Flint & Co., Stock Exchange Brokers, Wall Street, New York. Bulls, Bears and the Tiger. (An interval of 18 months.)
 ACT IV.—Vanalstyne's residence.
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PROPERTY LIST.

LIBRARY FURNITURE.

- Green carpet down.
 Drugget, dark, rich—down.
 Large dark mantel, fire logs, etc.
 On mantel, handsome bronze clock and ornaments to match.
 Handsome dark fire set.
 Plenty of bronze or dark rich statuary.
 1 rich screen with three folds.
 3 rugs.
 7 handsome black fur rugs.
 4 dark mahogany pedestals.
 4 large bronze statues.
 5 handsome stands with pot plants.
 1 rich panel library table.
 5 medium heavy chairs.
 2 large leather reclining chairs.
 2 large revolving leather chairs.
 1 elegant high-top desk (very rich).
 Handsome bric-a-brac for top of desk.
 1 large armchair.
 1 small Davenport desk.
 1 small desk, flat or roll-top.
 1 small hassock or footstool.
 Telephone hung on side of door L. of C.
 1 pad of paper for Musgrave.
 Bell to ring at cue off L. in room.
 Package of *Duke's Cameo* cigarettes, for Bertie.

VANALSTYNE'S DESK R. WITH PROPERTIES.

Elegant high-top desk (very rich).
Handsome bric-a-brac for top of desk.
1 large chair.
1 small footstool in front of chair.
1 waste basket on down stage side of desk.
1 handsome inkstand.
2 pens, and pen-holders and pencils.
2 blotters.
1 check-book with blanks filled out.
1 bundle of bonds, with one *check filled out* outside D. L. 3.
3 inventories on desk R.
1 cigar.
1 new New York Herald.
All pigeon-holes in desk filled with papers and books.

VANALSTYNE, JR.'S, DESK L. 2 WITH PROPERTIES.

Desk, if rolled up, dressed same as Old Nick's; if flat top, dressed accordingly.
1 waste basket on down stage side of desk.
A pile of 15 letters, written, addressed, stamped and sealed.
3 inventories.
1 paper-knife.
1 book of *put* orders—*pink*.
1 book of *call* orders—*blue*.
1 quire of note paper.
Handsome inkstand and pens and pencils.
1 blotter.
1 large chair.

MUSGRAVE'S DESK L. C. WITH PROPERTIES.

1 desk.
1 chair.
1 inkstand, pens and pencils.
1 small pad of paper.
3 inventories.
Half dozen sheets of writing paper.
Blotter.
Pad of telegram blanks.
Pigeon-holes filled same as other desks.

MUSGRAVE'S TABLE IN ROOM OFF L.

10 inventories.

1 telegram written, addressed and sealed.

1 letter written and folded.

NOTE.—All the furniture in this act must be of dark wood (leather), and very rich and handsome. Use nothing light in this act.

GAS PLOT.

PRIVATE OFFICE OF NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE.

House, foots and borders full up.

Bunch lights R. and L. 3 E.

Bunch light L. 2 E.

Gas log R. 2 E. (lighted).

Bunch light back of window L. U. E., when calcium is not used.

CALCIUM PLOT.

Open light, yellow medium, L. of C. window.

Red medium behind fireplace R.

MUSIC NOTE.

There is no music to take up for the fall of curtain excepting that of Act II. The curtain will rise on the last strains of overtures. The entre acts between Acts I. and II. very long; between II. and III. Acts medium; between III. and IV. Acts long. Please warn members of orchestra to be in their places for the end of Act II., and those having music to play very *pp* until cue for *ff*.

"THE HENRIETTA."

ACT I.

SCENE—*Residence of NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE, in New York. Private office. Doors up R. C.; up L. C., and down L. The door up L. C. opens to a small apartment beyond. The other doors lead to halls. Bay-window up C. Mantel and fire down R. Desk R. C. against wall. Desk L. C. against wall. Small desk up C., and also one in further corner of the apartment up L. A telephone on wall of this apartment, near the door. Revolving-chair at desk R. C. concealed at rise of curtain by screen, which can afterwards be folded back towards the mantel. Heavy curtains across bay-window. All appointments very rich. Mantel and woodwork carved or inlaid. General tone of scene deep in color, to contrast with brilliancy of drawing-room in next act. Discovered: NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE, JR., sitting at desk down L.*

Enter MUSGRAVE from door up L., inventory in hand. VAN., JR., is opening letters from a pile of correspondence; glancing at some and putting them aside, reading others. He is in rich dressing-jacket, his face rather pale and slightly sunken. MUSGRAVE is an elderly man; he is running up columns of figures in a business paper as the curtain rises.

MUSGRAVE. (*footing up the columns*). Five; eight; fifty-three. (*Speaks to VAN., JR.*) The whole amount is fifty-three millions, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars, sir. (*Comes down, lays inventory on young NICK's desk, and goes to C.*)

VAN., JR. (*consulting a memorandum*). I forgot to give you the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western first mortgage bonds in the Chemical Bank. Put them in at two millions; and unencumbered real estate—say five millions.

MUSGRAVE. Yes, sir. (*Speaking aside as he proceeds.*) I'm certain there's another great operation under weigh.

I wonder if it is the Henrietta Mining and Land Company. But, Lord bless me, I know about as much of what old Nicholas Vanalstyne is doing as the body-servant of a general does about the plan of campaign.

(The telephone bell sounds. MUSGRAVE goes to it, putting the tube to his ear.)

Hello! *(listens, and then speaks into telephone).* The order was for five thousand shares at one forty-seven and an eighth. What? *(Listens, and then speaks to VAN., JR.)* Watson Flint & Co. wish to know if they shall fill your order for Chicago and Northwestern preferred. It's a quarter higher this morning.

VAN., JR. Yes.

MUSGRAVE. *(in telephone).* Yes; buy. Eh? Evansville and Terre Haute? *(Listens.)* Oh! *(To VAN., JR.)* About that ninety-five thousand dollars, sir, in—

VAN., JR. I don't care to be worried about trifles like that this morning. Tell them to use their own judgment.

MUSGRAVE. *(in telephone).* Do as you think best about the smaller matters to-day. Good-by.

VAN., JR. I'm not well, Musgrave. Kindly tell the servant to show Dr. Wainwright directly to this room when he calls.

MUSGRAVE. Yes, sir. Trifles! In over thirty years I have laid by a little more than six thousand dollars by rigid economy, and the Vanalstynes made half a million by one little turn in the market last Friday. *(Exit into apartment door.)*

VAN., JR. What's this? *(Suddenly looking at a letter.)* Gertrude's handwriting! Addressed to my real name!—and here! *(Breaks it open, and reads.)* "This letter will surprise you; but not so much, nor so terribly, as it surprised me, to learn, for the first time, to-night, your true name; and—I can hardly write the words—the fact—that you—have—a—wife! I have been your wife, and I am the mother of your child; the blessing of Heaven upon our union was never sought; but how little I knew that the curse of Heaven was hanging over me so darkly!" *(He reads a moment longer in silence, then sets his teeth, folds the letter deliberately, and tearing it up with a determined motion, throws the letter in waste-paper basket at foot of desk.)* Curse the woman!

(Enter MUSGRAVE up L. C.)

MUSGRAVE. I have finished the inventory, sir, and struck the balance. *(Giving him paper.)*

VAN., JR. *(taking it).* Musgrave, tell Watson Flint &

Co. to buy me an option. (MUSGRAVE *makes notes*)—Chicago, Santa Fé and California—buy three—at current rates—five thousand shares.

(NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE *appears above the screen R. C. A., New York Herald in his hand.*)

VANALSTYNE. Here, here, what the devil are you doing that for? (*Crosses to C., smoking cigar.*)

VAN., JR. I'm amusing myself, father. I *must* have something to think about.

(MUSGRAVE *crosses, folds screen, and places it behind desk.*)

VANALSTYNE. But that's gambling, my son. Sell an option on Nebraska and Montana; I'm going to water that stock to-morrow. Never gamble, my son; it isn't right. Squeeze the shorts, that's business. While you're about it, I may as well have a little fun with the boys on the street myself. Make it ten thousand for each of us, Musgrave.

MUSGRAVE. Yes, sir! (*Exit up L., closing door.*)

VANALSTYNE. I see by the paper this morning that the Wall Street lambs are buying Nebraska and Montana very freely. (*Returns and sits at desk. Reads.*) "Nicholas Vanalstyne, the greatest operator now in the street, says that it is only a question of time when this stock will be a sure dividend at eight per cent." Did I say time? That was a slip of the tongue. I meant *eternity*. (*Reads.*) "The room-traders, who threw over Louisville and Nashville, were completely fooled by the fact that 'old Nick' Vanalstyne had been telling them the honest truth." The boys on the Stock Exchange will never understand the strictly truthful principles on which I conduct my business affairs. I never made a big haul yet, except by telling the honest truth. I only lie between times. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." I know exactly when to let her rise; that's all. When I'm lying, I let 'em rob each other. The plaintive wail that goes up from Wall Street, whenever I corner it, is a touching tribute to the sincerity of my character. "Damn old Vanalstyne!—he's been telling us the truth again."

VAN., JR. Here is the inventory of our securities, available and unavailable. (*Rises and exits to OLD NICK at desk R., and returns immediately to his desk L.*)

VAN. Ah! (*taking it, R.*). Hello! Forty-eight millions already out as collaterals; balance available only twenty-two millions. My son. (*Turns in chair, and looks at YOUNG NICK.*) Some other big fish is swimming in these waters, and there aren't any signs of where he is yet.

Some great operator is going against us in this Henrietta mine deal. I have felt his hand at every move in the game, but I can't see him. He's working in the dark. I did think it was my old enemy, John Van Brunt; but our lawyers have got him in Chancery. Whoever it is, we've got to move very carefully; my balance to work on is getting narrow. I got this infernal Henrietta mine on a three-hundred-dollar bluff, in a friendly game of poker. I incorporated the game—I mean the mine—for twenty millions capital; bought the whole town, including two newspapers and an opera house, and all the railways, running in that direction, not to mention the branch lines and a steamship company, to say nothing of six million acres of public land grants. The Henrietta Railway and Mining Company now pervades and ramifies the entire country—from Ohio to California. It has become the financial focus of the solar system. I only had ace, high and a Jack; drew to a bob-tail flush; fifty-cent ante.

VAN., JR. A few of these letters need your personal attention. (*Crosses to his father, giving him letters. OLD NICK takes the letters, looking them over. YOUNG NICK recrosses to his desk 4, sits and speaks half over his shoulder.*) Butler, at Omaha, writes that two more competing lines of railroad—

VAN. (*incidentally, as he is looking at letters*). Tell him to buy them both.

VAN., JR. The Legislature of Nevada—

VAN. Buy that, too.

VAN., JR. The new Constitution of the State—

VAN. Tell our agents to have it amended at once—same as Missouri.

VAN., JR. Holliston has been nominated for Congress in Kansas. Shall we contribute to his election expenses?

VAN. No; wait till he gets to Washington. (*Looks at a letter.*) "Poughkeepsie Bridge Bill—five votes short." (*Turns in chair, looks over glasses to YOUNG NICK.*) Telegraph to Holbrook at Albany. (VANALSTYNE, JR., *makes notes.*) "Buy six more country members, and charge to my account." (*Looks at another letter.*) Schauspil, the art dealer, has a new painting by Meissonier. Write to him for me, Nick. Tell him I'll give him thirty dollars a square inch. There's six per cent. in Meissonier at that; no sounder stock in the market.

VAN., JR. (*making a note*). What's the subject of the painting?

VAN. (*looks at letter intently*). Eighteen inches by twenty-four. Hello! Ha—ha—ha—ha! (*Looking at another letter.*) Bill Jarvis lost his entire fortune in our twist on the Street last Friday. Ha—ha—ha! Bill Jarvis is my dearest old schoolmate. Ha—ha—ha—ha! Jarvis and I

were brought up together. Ha—ha—ha! We let him in for two hundred thousand dollars. Ha—ha—ha! I was always getting jokes on Bill. We must give the old boy a chance to start again. Write to him that my bank account is at his service, Nick. Ah! he'll make another fortune in a year, and—ha—ha—ha!—I'll get that, too! (*Enter MUSGRAVE L. C., going towards small desk; stops.*) Oh, Musgrave! make a note for me. (*MUSGRAVE comes C. with writing-pad.*) The widow of Robert W. Worth—(*Then to VANALSTYNE, JR.*) How much did we make out of him on the last deal?

VAN., JR. About ninety thousand.

VAN. I see the poor devil died yesterday. We'll make that good to his widow.

MUSGRAVE. Yes, sir; I'll remind you of it. A telegram just come, sir. (*Gives VANALSTYNE a telegram and sits at desk up C., making a note.*)

VAN. A cable from your sister Mary in London. (*Reads.*) "I am going to marry Lord Arthur Fitzroy Waldegrave Rawdon Trelawney."

VAN., JR. Indeed! (*YOUNG NICK turns in chair in surprise.*)

VAN. How many men do you understand she's going to marry?

VAN., JR. The usual number, I suppose.

VAN. Ah! All those names belong to the same man. Musgrave, cable. (*Dictates.*) "Miss Mary Vanalstyne, Hotel Metropole, London:—Draw on me for whatever it costs you." (*Throws despatch on desk and is opening letter.*) Who is Lord Arthur—continued in our next—Trelawney?

VAN., JR. (*writing at desk, paying no attention.*) Fourth son of the Marquis of Dorchester.

VAN. Father's rich, isn't he?

VAN., JR. I believe so.

VAN. (*to MUSGRAVE.*) Add to that cable. (*Dictates.*) "Tell the Marquis I can let him have a block of Northern Pacific Common at twenty-nine." I'll land the old man for all my girl's wedding expenses. (*Looks at letter.*) From the Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton; another subscription, I suppose. (*Long pause.*) By thunder! Our pastor has dropped on the Henrietta Mine deal, and he wants to know if I can let him in. I *thought* he'd been more than usually anxious about my spiritual welfare lately. But how the deuce did he learn anything about the Henrietta Mine? We *must* let him in for a few thousands. If we don't, he'll give us away to the whole congregation; and the leading pillars of our church are also pillars of the Stock Exchange. (*Turns half to MUSGRAVE.*) Write to the Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton. (*Dictates.*) "Will meet you at Friday evening prayers." (*Pause.*) That'll do,

Musgrave. (*Turns to desk. Exit MUSGRAVE to apartments L. C., closing door.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. By the way, Governor, Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke—

VANALSTYNE. Mrs. Opdyke! I'm interested. (*Rises, goes to L. C. To YOUNG NICK.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. Interested?

VANALSTYNE. What about her?

VANALSTYNE, JR. Her property has been invested in government bonds; and nearly the whole amount has been called in. Watson Flint & Co. are her agents, you know. They asked me yesterday if I could suggest anything in the way of re-investment. She has about three hundred thousand dollars.

VANALSTYNE. Tell Watson Flint I'll let her have the entire amount in Louisville and West Tennessee preferred at par.

VAN., JR. (*turns sharply in chair*). But that is your pet gilt-edged stock. It's a sure ten per cent. dividend.

VANALSTYNE. The Reverend Dr. Murray Hilton is after the widow.

VANALSTYNE, JR. What has that to do with—

VANALSTYNE. My dear son! (*Puts his finger to his nose, winking at VANALSTYNE, JR., looks around; goes, hums to himself an air. Punches VANALSTYNE, JR., in the ribs.*) Have you any objection to a young and pretty step-mother?

VANALSTYNE, JR. None in the least.

VANALSTYNE (*goes C.*). I control that railroad absolutely, and I'm going to freeze out the parson. This is a little flyer on my own account. Let her have the stock. I am buying an option. The Reverend Dr. Murray Hilton thinks he's got the inside track by having the widow's soul in charge; but if I can get control of her fortune, his chances of securing her person are not flattering. (*Goes to desk R.*) It may cost me a million dollars; but I'll get that (*smacks lips*) widow. (*Sits R. at desk.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. Well, my dear father—(*laughing slightly*)—as I said before, I haven't the slightest objection to a young and pretty stepmother. Indeed, I think Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke would be a very charming addition to our family circle. (*Exits L. 1 E. with papers in hand.*)

VANALSTYNE (*crosses legs and speaks, following deliberately*). Hang the parson, anyhow! He's got all the unmarried ladies of the wealthiest congregation in New York to choose from. I'm his richest vestryman, too. I pay more for evangelical work and church decoration than any other man in the flock. When he told me our missionary in Shanghai was on the point of converting six more Chinamen and needed ten thousand dollars to do it,

I gave him my check—sent the money by cable—we cornered the Presbyterian missionary on those six Chinamen in less than ten days from sight, and now he's after my widow.

MUSGRAVE (*appearing at door up L. C., an open letter in his hand. Crosses to C.*). A letter from Forsdyke & Sharpe, our attorneys, sir ; about the suit against Mr. John Van Brunt.

VANALSTYNE. Van Brunt?

MUSGRAVE. They say they can force him into bankruptcy.

VANALSTYNE (*savagely starting up*). Tell them to do it. Put on the screws. Crush him to the earth. Exact the last cent and force him to ruin. At last! my bitterest enemy in the street. (MUSGRAVE goes to small desk up L. C.)

(Enter AGNES, door L. 1 E.)

AGNES. Good-morning! (*Stops short, near entrance.*)

VANALSTYNE. Ah, Agnes, my little pet! (*Holding out his arms with a smile. AGNES runs to him, he kisses her.*)

AGNES (*patting both VANALSTYNE'S cheeks*). I know we haven't any right in this room, but you can't keep me out. (*Laughing.*)

VANALSTYNE (*tenderly*). I'd as soon drive out a bird that flew in at the window. (*AGNES sits at his knees on hassock.*) Tell me all about business, my pet. How are new bonnets quoted? Have you cornered all the other girls on those little high-heel shoes? You look very pretty on the pony I bought for you, the other day. Do you like him?

AGNES. Oh, yes, indeed; he's very nice. But I've been out with sister Rose on more important business. She took me with her on her charity calls this morning—and—oh—such a poor unhappy family we found all cuddled together in a single room—and the furniture sold to buy food with—and the baby with measles, and—

VANALSTYNE. Get 'em a comfortable flat, my darling; buy some new furniture—and a new baby—I mean get 'em a doctor to repair the old one. That's settled. What else?

AGNES. Then there was a poor old woman in another place and a—

VANALSTYNE (*looks at her tenderly*). My little girl—when your sister Rose came here, I told my son he had chosen a good, true woman for a wife; and soon afterwards your poor father left you to us, also. I felt that another angel had come to stay with us. Go on with your little charities. (*Tapping her chin.*) Fix them all up to suit yourselves and send the bills to me. But the greatest charity of all—stroking her head gently—is to brighten the life and soften the heart of a poor old millionaire like me.

MUSGRAVE (*rises and crosses to C.*). The letter to your lawyers, sir. (VANALSTYNE *listens as MUSGRAVE reads* :) "You will proceed against Mr. Van Brunt as rigorously as possible; exacting every dollar, without compromise, and force him into bankruptcy."

VANALSTYNE (*savagely*). Ah! ah! (AGNES *looks up in his face pleadingly and shakes her head; he looks around the room, swallows several times, looks at AGNES intently, changing his mind; looks up and speaks sharply to MUSGRAVE, with his hand resting on AGNES' head; MUSGRAVE returns to desk, L. and writes.*) Write another! (*An entire change of manner, softly.*)—Avoid all harsh measures. Treat Mr. Van Brunt as gently as possible, and give him every chance to recover. (*In lively manner*) How is the canary doing, my girl? Is she a mother yet?

AGNES. Oh, yes! you must see them. Two little ones came out of their shells this morning. Come! (*Taking VANALSTYNE'S hand in hers and dragging him up to R. C. C. door.*)

MUSGRAVE (*rising and turning to VANALSTYNE*). One moment, sir! About the two millions in bonds—St. Louis and San Francisco.

VANALSTYNE. Damn St. Louis! (AGNES *covers his mouth with her hand.*) I beg your pardon, my dear! (*With his hand to his mouth, to MUSGRAVE*)—and San Francisco, too. (*Turns to AGNES.*) I've got more important business on hand. (*Kisses AGNES.*) We'll go and look at the canaries.

(MUSGRAVE *sits at desk; VANALSTYNE exits with AGNES up R. VANALSTYNE, JR., enters from D. L. 1 E., with paper in hand, as if to speak to MUSGRAVE.*

(*Enter DR. PARKE WAINWRIGHT L. 3, places hat on MUSGRAVE'S desk, and crosses to fireplace, R. 2. VANALSTYNE, JR., sits at his desk.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. Ah, Dr. Wainwright, I instructed the servant to show you directly to this room.

WAINWRIGHT. And I instructed you not to be in this room until I gave you permission to return to business.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I must be here to-day.

(MUSGRAVE *retires to apartment, L. C., closing the door.*)

WAINWRIGHT. I am in the very headquarters of my great enemy, Death. (VANALSTYNE, JR., *glances at him suddenly.*) You start at his name. Let me feel your pulse. (*Crosses to YOUNG NICK, L. Takes his wrist.*) You have another Wall Street operation on hand. Your pulse hasn't been twice alike, two days in succession, for weeks. (*Crosses to fire-*

place, R.) You New York business men have invited Death into your own houses. The telephone and the stock indicator have enabled His Sable Majesty to move up town with the rest of the fashionable world; he used to content himself with wearing out your souls and bodies at your offices.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I think you attribute my trouble to the wrong source, Doctor. My father, for instance; he is the largest operator in the street, but he is always in perfect health.

WAINWRIGHT. Your father was bred in the country. His nerves were as firm and as cold as steel before he ever came to the city. These Leviathans of the Money Market all come from quieter scenes of labor in their youth. Wall Street has never yet bred its own giants. The furnace-bred young men of New York are pigmies in the hands of such men; mere bundles of nerve, that burn themselves like the overcharged wires of a battery. Notice the electric lights at your club. Every now and then one of them fizzles convulsively and goes out.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I understand. Do you think that I am in any real danger?

WAINWRIGHT. You are doing what hundreds of young men are doing in this city to-day: Wearing your life out in the greatest gambling hell on earth. There is death in the street. Monaco is nothing. The gains and losses are settled every day. You dream on your chances night and day for weeks. Fighting the tiger!—bulls and bears are much fiercer animals; the tiger is an angel of mercy.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I shall take the rest I need as soon as I can find time.

WAINWRIGHT. You'll find plenty of time for rest if you wait in the grave. Epitaph for a New York man: "He has retired from business." (*Crosses to YOUNG NICK at desk and stands at back of chair.*) But I have another matter to talk about this morning; one that pertains neither to your health nor to my own profession—except in an accidental way. I was called to the bedside of a very sick woman last night. She was in a high fever and delirious. This morning she became conscious, though still very weak. Her name is Gertrude Reynolds.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Gertrude Reynolds! Well!

WAINWRIGHT. What I heard during her delirium and what she said to me afterwards is a professional confidence, and yet I—I—

VANALSTYNE, JR. I will relieve your embarrassment. (*Turns and looks up at DOCTOR.*) Gertrude Reynolds has discovered my real name, and the fact that I am a married man; she has letters in my handwriting, and she threatens to send those letters to my wife.

WAINWRIGHT. You have heard from her yourself. All I intended, all I could have done, was to put you on your guard. I have nothing whatever to do with your relations to this woman. That, of course, is your own affair and hers. But your wife loves you, Vanalstyne, with her whole heart; I know how deeply she loves you. Gertrude Reynolds is bitter, beyond all reason and control. I can hardly blame her, for she is herself a mother. But what she threatens to do would be a crime against a sincere and devoted woman. If anything can be done to protect your wife from the ruin of her domestic happiness, I shall assist you to the utmost of my ability. (*Crosses to C. and goes to mantel, R. AGNES runs in suddenly, R. C.*) Agnes!

AGNES. Doctor Wainwright! H—s—h! (*Putting her finger to her lips, then aside.*) I was caught that time. Bertie saw me. (*Looks out of door.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. I thank you, Doctor. We will see what can be done.

"Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

AGNES (*aside*). Bertie's coming this way. (*She dodges into the bay-window behind curtain.*)

(MUSGRAVE enters hurriedly, and remains in door,
R. L. U. E.)

MUSGRAVE. Watson Flint & Co. report a sudden turn in the market.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Ah! (*Starting to his feet.*) I thought there was danger to-day.

MUSGRAVE. There's a break to fifty-nine in Keokuk and New Mexico.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Watch the indicator, Musgrave! We have work before us. (MUSGRAVE retires; VANALSTYNE, JR., starts up stage, stops, puts his hand to his heart, and staggers. The DOCTOR steps quickly to him and supports him. He recovers.) It's all right, Doctor; these never last long. I—I am well now.

WAINWRIGHT. Nature adds her warning to mine. You must have rest. (*A signal on the telephone—loud.*)

VAN., JR. Rest! There's a battle on hand to-day. Do you hear the musketry? (*Laughing and moving up stage to telephone, supported by DR. WAINWRIGHT.*) This is life! life! (*Signals at telephone; speaks into it.*) Hold the market at all hazards. Force the figures back to sixty-eight. Pardon me, Doctor; call again this afternoon. I have no time now. (*His hand on door.*) Business is business, you know; and what is rest with wealth and power within your grasp! (*Exits R. U. E.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*up stage, looking off L. after VANALSTYNE, JR.*) Business is business in New York. It is health, re-

ligion, friendship, love—everything. No; business isn't everything even in New York. (*Turns and looks off R. U. door.*) Here is one exception. (*BERTIE walks in slowly up R. C.; he is very neatly and elegantly dressed in morning home toilet, his hair parted in the middle, a single glass in his eye; he is smoking a cigarette. He stops up R. C.; WAINWRIGHT sees him.*) Good morning, Bertie!

BERTIE. Doctor—morning!

WAINWRIGHT. Just up?

BERTIE. No; breakfast.

WAINWRIGHT. Half-past eleven. (*Looking at watch.*) Out late last night?

BERTIE. Club—three o'clock.

WAINWRIGHT. What was going on?

BERTIE. Nothing. Nothing ever does go on—at our club—you know; it's a swell club.

WAINWRIGHT. Merely conversing together till that hour.

BERTIE. We never converse at our club.

WAINWRIGHT. Thinking?

BERTIE. No; just staying.

WAINWRIGHT. Does your head ache this morning?

BERTIE. No; only Apollinaris.

WAINWRIGHT. M-m. You mustn't smoke too many cigarettes.

BERTIE. Last night I smoked two whole ones.

WAINWRIGHT. You're a wild young dog. (*Crosses to chair, L.*)

BERTIE. All of us fellows at the club are wild young dogs.

WAINWRIGHT. Let me feel your pulse. (*BERTIE walks to him very quietly, putting out his hand slowly. WAINWRIGHT takes his wrist.*)

AGNES (*stepping out from the curtain and watching them*). I hope Bertie hasn't over-exerted his system.

BERTIE. Is it beating too fast?

WAINWRIGHT. I haven't discovered it yet.

BERTIE. Try somewhere else.

WAINWRIGHT. You will never die of too much excitement, Bertie.

BERTIE. I was afraid I might. We fellows at the club lead such a fast life.

WAINWRIGHT (*puts his hand on YOUNG NICK's chair L.*) This chair has a quicker pulse. Your case puzzles me. I really don't see how you're going to die at all. You will never have energy enough to die a *natural* death. You'll find it very embarrassing one of these days. As to dying of love. (*Slight start.*) Good heavens! I felt a beat then! Two beats! Another! Bertie. (*Drops BERTIE's hand, and shakes his finger at him slowly.*) You are in love.

BERTIE. You doctors are wonderful men. I *am* in love. Did Agnes come into this room a few minutes ago?

WAINWRIGHT. Yes, but she disappeared almost immediately.

BERTIE. I am in love with Agnes. (AGNES gives a quick, joyous gasp. The DOCTOR turns suddenly, stepping back and looking from one to the other. She stands, hanging her head, abashed.) I have declared my passion by accident.

WAINWRIGHT. I think I'd better leave you together.

BERTIE. Thank you. (Walks R. to mantel.)

(MUSGRAVE enters suddenly from apartment up L. C., and moves down to the DOCTOR.)

MUSGRAVE (*apart*). Dr. Wainwright! Something very serious, I fear. Mr. Vanalstyne is lying upon the sofa within quite insensible.

WAINWRIGHT (*apart, goes to D. L. E., speaks speech as he goes*). Bring some water! Summon a servant! Ask his wife to come to the room. (*Exits L. U. E. hurriedly.*)

(MUSGRAVE hurries out R. AGNES walks down slowly across L., her head drooping. She stops C.)

AGNES. Bertie!

BERTIE. Agnes!

AGNES. I—you—I—haven't you anything to say, Bertie?

BERTIE. I've said it. (*Crosses to C.*)

AGNES. You told Dr. Wainwright that—you—you loved me.

BERTIE. I've been trying to say that to you, instead of the doctor, for the last six weeks. I've said it to nearly everything else in the house, especially to the furniture in my room. If there'd been a parrot there, you'd a' heard it long ago. When I saw you in the hall a little while ago, I suddenly pulled myself together and determined to say it to you, at once. But you ran away and dodged into this room. What did you run away and dodge into this room for?

AGNES. Well, now that you've said you love me, I—I—don't mind telling you. I had just run out of *your* room.

BERTIE. Out of my room?

AGNES. Yes. Haven't you noticed a little bunch of rosebuds on your table, every morning, for the last few days?

BERTIE. Did *you* put them there? (AGNES says "Um-un.") I threw them all away.

AGNES. Oh!

BERTIE. I thought it was the new chambermaid,

AGNES. Bertie! (*Dropping her face into her hands.*)

BERTIE. I didn't want to encourage this one.

AGNES. *This one?* (*Sharply looking up.*)

BERTIE. She has cross eyes and red hair. I did what any young man of correct principles would have done.

AGNES. Albert! The last chambermaid was very pretty. Did you keep the rosebuds that she gave you?

BERTIE. No; I was equally particular in her case. She didn't give me any.

AGNES. Oh, Bertie! I'm afraid you're a very wicked young man.

BERTIE. That's what we fellows in the club all like the ladies to say about us.

AGNES. But you—you mustn't be wicked, for my sake.

BERTIE. Do you think that you can love me, Agnes, if I confess to you the whole truth?

AGNES. I—I will bear it. Tell me everything. It is best that I should know it now.

BERTIE. I am not wicked—a bit; and I say the prayers that mother taught me, every morning, before I go to bed.

AGNES. Bertie! Bertie! (*Running to him and throwing herself on his breast.*)

BERTIE (*looking directly over her head, blandly*). I have confessed all to her, and she still loves me. Agnes, I will conceal nothing from you; I am as innocent as a lamb.

AGNES. My darling! (*Her head resting lovingly on his breast.*) I love you all the more for it.

BERTIE. Thank you. I was afraid you wouldn't; but I didn't want to deceive you. We'll get married, and we'll live in a little house together, all by ourselves. (*Walking across L. with her.*) We'll be as happy as your two canary birds in their cage.

AGNES. Dear Bertie!

BERTIE. *They've* got two little ones, haven't they?

AGNES (*simply*). Yes, Bertie. (*Goes up, takes chair from MUSGRAVE'S desk, brings it down, and places it L. C.*) But now I want to talk very seriously with you a few moments. Sit down. (*He sits in chair; she stands at his back, puts her arms around his neck; he pats her hands.*)

BERTIE. What is it, Agnes, dear?

AGNES. When I first ran into your room the other morning, to put the rosebuds on your table, I—I didn't intend to look at anything; but I—I couldn't help just—just glancing around, you know. There was a whole row of pictures on your mantelpiece, and—and others all over the room. They were pictures of actresses—and—and dancers, Bertie, dear.

BERTIE. Yes. We fellows at the club all have pictures like that in our rooms, and when we call to see each other

we look at 'em, and then we wink at each other, and then each of us thinks that the other is a devil of a fellow—but he isn't.

AGNES. There was one picture there—I didn't like her face at all—and it had her name on, in a lady's handwriting—"Henrietta."

BERTIE. Henrietta is the most famous ballet-dancer in New York. All of us have her picture. We get them from the photographer for fifty cents apiece, but we have to pay her business manager five dollars apiece for her autograph. I suppose it's cheap enough, for no two of 'em are alike.

AGNES (*comes L. of chair*). Have you ever seen Henrietta off the stage?

BERTIE. Often. Nearly every night, about eleven o'clock, half a dozen of us fellows walk out of the club one by one, and we meet at the stage-door of the theatre. We stand there in a row till Henrietta passes out and gets into her carriage. Then we all go back to the club and sit there.

AGNES. I want you to send away all those pictures in your room, Bertie, Henrietta's particularly.

BERTIE. I'll burn 'em all up; Henrietta's particularly.

AGNES (*long pause; she looks around cautiously, as if making up her mind, then suddenly kisses him on top of his head*). Thank you.

BERTIE. Welcome.

AGNES. Now, there's one thing more I want to speak about. I'm to be your wife, you know, and I *can* talk seriously to you. Your father is very angry with you because you won't give your attention to business.

BERTIE. I know he is. He left word for me last night to meet him in this room as soon as I got up. Father says that I don't know any more about business than a kitten. I don't. A kitten that isn't more familiar with business principles than I am would starve.

AGNES. Business is very easy, Bertie. I can tell you all about it. You just speak through the telephone to a man in Wall Street. You say "sixty-five"—or any other number you choose—and a few weeks afterwards the man gives you a lot of money.

BERTIE. That does seem easy enough.

(*Enter NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE, R. C., with bundles of bonds and written checks. Comes down R. C.*)

VANALSTYNE. Oh!—you are here.

BERTIE. Yes, father. (*Rising. Stands at chair.*) John said you wanted to see me this morning.

VANALSTYNE. Yes, I do ; Agnes, my dear, I wish to speak with this young man alone.

AGNES. Mayn't I stay, if you please, Mr. Vanalstyne?

VANALSTYNE. Certainly, if you like ; there's no secret about the matter. (*Begins looking over papers on desk, R.*)

AGNES. Bertie and I have been talking about business, sir.

VANALSTYNE. M—m. I dare say you could teach him a good deal more than he knows.

AGNES. Bertie would like to go into business. (*Exchanging nods with BERTIE.*)

BERTIE. Yes, sir. I have decided to go into business at once.

VANALSTYNE. Have you, young man ! (*Turning towards BERTIE, with a folded paper in his hand. Comes to C.*) I have struggled with you in vain, and I am tired. You are a hopeless idiot. (*AGNES starts.*)

BERTIE. I cannot deny it, sir.

VANALSTYNE. The fact that many other fathers in New York have been blessed in a similar way is no consolation to me. Thank heaven ! I have one son who is an honor to our family and to my name. The colossal fortune which I have accumulated shall be my monument, sir. I shall leave him my entire property, without exception, and he will continue the vast business interest which I have acquired. As for you, sir, your monthly allowance ceases from this date. I have made an arrangement with our business agents, Messrs. Watson Flint & Co., under which they will give you a certain amount in cash. You may do what you please with it ; but it ought to last long enough for you to establish yourself in a decent position where you can make your own living. Beyond this, sir, you shall have no part or parcel of my property either while I am living or after my death.

BERTIE. Father !—I—(*half choking*)—I'm sure I'm—I'm—very grateful to you—for—for giving me anything ; and for—for—all you've given me before. (*Dropping into chair, L.*)

AGNES. (*crosses to C. behind BERTIE ; turns to NICK, with her back to BERTIE, remaining near his chair. Suddenly*). And I say that you are a wicked, hard-hearted old man. I love Bertie, whether you do or not, and I'm going to be his wife. (*Turning to BERTIE and putting her arms about his neck.*)

VANALSTYNE. You ! You are going to be his wife, Agnes ? Are you in earnest ?

AGNES. Yes, indeed, I'm in earnest. I just this moment told him I would. I've loved him for a long time, too ; and I've been waiting for him to ask me. Bertie'll

make a dear, good husband ; and I don't care whether he has any money or not.

VANALSTYNE. Well!—as you please, if you will insist on being a beggar's wife. (*Advancing and extending draft ; stops and looks at it ; extends it to BERTIE, who starts to take it ; he draws it back again, looks at AGNES, then at BERTIE, as if undecided ; looks again, offers it again ; coughs. AGNES works slowly to L. of BERTIE.*) But if you are going to be married—I—suppose you'll need a little more. (*Tears up the draft and returns to desk, R. ; sits writing another draft.*)

AGNES. Dear Bertie!

BERTIE (*holding her hand*). Agnes.

(*DR. WAINWRIGHT opens door from apartment, stepping in. Enter ROSE VANALSTYNE, up R. C. in bonnet, etc. She comes in with an anxious quick motion, looks around a second, then hurries to the DOCTOR, up L. C., speaking quickly in an undertone, apart.*)

ROSE. Doctor ! My husband ! I was away. Tell me the worst.

WAINWRIGHT. Be calm. There is no danger now ; he is sleeping quietly.

ROSE. Oh ! (*She moves past him to door of apartment ; turns ; looks gratefully at the DOCTOR.*) You have saved his life. (*She takes his hand in her own to kiss it, he stops her, she looks up gratefully and says "I thank you, I thank you," then goes quietly into the apartment, looking earnestly before her.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*looks after her*). His false and worthless life ! I have saved it, for her sake ; and I would have given my own life gladly—for one loving glance from her eyes. (*He turns up to window, where he stands with his back to the audience, looking out ; his hand on the curtain. VANALSTYNE rises with the new draft ; crosses L.*)

VANALSTYNE (*gruffly, giving BERTIE the draft*). There you are ! sir. (*BERTIE looks up blankly at his father, and takes check mechanically, without looking at it, in his left hand and lets hand fall on his knee. Re-crosses to desk, R., sits and takes up the inventory.*) D—d young pauper ! I'll turn him adrift on the world.

AGNES (*at back of BERTIE'S chair, her arms around his neck*). We'll live in a little cottage together, Bertie. I'll do the work and you can help me. (*Comes down L. of him.*) And we won't need any money.

BERTIE. Yes.

VANALSTYNE (*looking over inventory*). Thirty-nine millions.

BERTIE. We'll live like two canary birds and we'll have just about as much to eat.

VANALSTYNE. Fifty-five millions. (*BERTIE starts suddenly to his feet looking at the draft.*)

BERTIE. Agnes! (*Turns to AGNES and points at check.*) Five—hundred—thousand—dollars. (*They turn towards VANALSTYNE who is intent on inventory.*) Father!

VANALSTYNE. Not a cent more—not one cent. (*Turns savagely towards them and strikes desk heavily with right hand.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

2D PICTURE.

(*BERTIE goes behind VANALSTYNE'S chair a little to c.*)

AGNES runs to VANALSTYNE. *Kneels on ottoman.*

VANALSTYNE takes her face in his hands and kisses her.

BERTIE. Father! Father! Father. (*VANALSTYNE shakes his head at him gruffly and pays no attention to him.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

DRAWING-ROOM OF VANALSTYNE MANSION.

LIGHT FANCY.

3 wings.
1 set door.
1 large arch.
1 large square opening.
Conservatory backing back of arch.
1 light fancy practical window.
Street backing behind window.
Interior backing back of set door.
Mirror behind mantel.
20-inch platform in large arch 6 × 8.
Steps from platform on to stage.
Light fancy borders.

NOTE.—Make this set as rich and as light and delicate as possible.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

Old gold or rich blue drugget down.
Large handsome rug.
6 white rugs.
Handsome gilt or brass fire set, dogs, fender, etc.
Light mantel.
2 handsome light clocks (alike).
2 pairs of vases (alike).
2 sets of handsome candelabra, for mirror effect, onyx and gold.
1 banner screen (gold frame, light).
2 pair of large rich curtains on gilt poles for doors.
2 gold pedestals.
4 large pieces of statuary (bisque or gilt or silver).
Plenty of light rich bric-a-brac.
1 large gilt easel and picture.
1 large four-foot lamp and shade (brass).
1 white and gold sofa.
2 light sofa-pillows.

- 1 small light sofa (salmon), gold frame.
- 1 gold frame lounging-chair.
- 4 small gold chairs.
- 2 light gold corner chairs.
- 2 handsome ottomans (2 feet, light color).
- 1 handsome square gold table with vase or statuary on it.
- 4 small round gilt or brass tables.
- 1 rich gold cabinet.
- 8 large tropical plants in pots.
- Bundle of letters wrapped in white tissue paper, and tied with blue ribbon.
- Tablet and pencil for Lady Mary.
- 1 written letter, *sealed*, for Musgrave.
- 1 cigar for Old Nick.
- 1 cigar for Dr. Hilton.
- 1 letter for Mrs. Opdyke.
- 1 letter for Old Nick.
- 1 vase to break.
- Parlor on mantel L. for Old Nick.
- 1 bundle of burnt letters to hand on at end of act.

NOTE.—The furniture and hangings for this scene must be rich and delicate in color. Avoid all reds, blues, dark-greens, blacks, etc. Everything must be light and of the richest and most expensive description. All furniture overstuffed and no dark frames. Use no bronzes or anything dark. All bric-a-brac light and delicate.

GAS PLOT.

DRAWING-ROOM OF VANALSTYNE MANSION.

- House, foots and borders full up.
- 8 or 10 light chandeliers down and *lighted*.
- Bunch lights R. and L. 2 E.
- Bunch light L. 3 E.
- Blue bunch back of window L. U. E.
- Gas log lighted L. 2 E.
- Blue strip light back of conservatory R.
- Statue lights on balustrade R., *lighted*.
- 6 colored globes for statue lights must be blue, yellow and pink and must be small and delicate in tint.

CALCIUM PLOT.

Open light *blue* medium behind window L.
Open light *green* through conservatory R.
Open blue behind cut conservatory R.
Red medium behind fireplace L.

MUSIC CUES.

Music *pp* at cue for end of act and swell to *ff* when Bertie throws letters in the fire. Keep up strain *ff* for two or more pictures.

ACT II.

Drawing-room in VANALSTYNE'S residence. Conservatory up R. and R. C., raised about two feet six inches, with opening and railing, and with steps up at R. C. Reception-room up L. Log-lighted. Sofa up C., with two cushions. Cabinet R., with bric-a-brac. Ottomans R. C. and L. C., front. Ornamental tables up R. C. and up L. C. Lamp lighted on cabinet and table L. C.

Enter WATSON FLINT, as curtain rises, from reception-room up L. C. He is a man of about thirty, quick, firm and decisive in speech, gentlemanly in manner; evening dress.

FLINT (*looking back as he enters*). Do not disturb them at table! I will wait. (*Walks down. Enter MUSGRAVE down R. from conservatory; walks down R. C. FLINT comes down C.*) Ah, Musgrave! The family are still at dinner, James tells me!

MUSGRAVE. I presume the gentlemen have got to their cigars, sir, if you care to join them.

FLINT. No. But I wish to have a few moments' chat with Mr. Vanalstyne, Junior. You might look into the smoking-room. If he's at liberty, kindly tell him that I am here. (*Goes to R. C.*)

MUSGRAVE. Yes, sir. (*Starting across; stops.*) Oh—Mr. Flint; I—I wish to—to—I—— (*Hesitating.*)

FLINT. Well?

MUSGRAVE. I was merely going to say that I—I—this Henrietta Mine operation—I—I hope it is—doing well, sir—and—and—I trust it is perfectly safe, sir.

FLINT (*turns to MUSGRAVE*). Musgrave, I have never known you before to take the slightest personal interest in any operation your employer was engaged in. I trust you haven't taken to *thinking*; a private secretary who *thinks* is a dangerous man.

MUSGRAVE. Believe me, I have always made it a rule *never* to think. I was only expressing the hope that—

FLINT. Never allow yourself to hope, Musgrave. That is another excellent rule for men in your position. It is so difficult to hope without thinking. (*Passing R. and up to conservatory.*)

MUSGRAVE (*passing L.*). You are quite right, sir. (*FLINT examines curios at cabinet. MUSGRAVE stops up L. C. Aside.*) I have allowed myself to hope a little. Fool! I have yielded to temptation at last, after withstanding it so many years. Every dollar that I have saved is invested in this Henrietta Mine speculation, and I haven't slept a night since I took the risk. (*At door L.*)

Not one hour of my old comfortable sleep! Not one hour!
(*Exit up L.*)

FLINT (*looks off after MUSGRAVE, with right foot on first step*). The old private secretary has been speculating. My Uncle Vanalstyne ought to know about it, but he doesn't. That is his affair, not mine. I never allow anything to be an affair of mine that doesn't concern my own particular interest. It's an excellent rule. The interests of Watson Flint & Co. are quite enough for any one man to look after; and I have them in charge.

(*Enter VANALSTYNE, JR., up L.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. Anything new, cousin? (*Coming down L.*)

FLINT. I have something to say that will interest you.

VANALSTYNE, JR. What is it? (*Goes to mantel L.*)

FLINT. The matter interests me also as the principal broker of your father and yourself. (*YOUNG NICK motions him to take chair, then sits on ottoman L. Taking chair up R. C. and moving down C., sits.*) During the whole progress of this Henrietta Mining and Land Company operation there has been, as you know, a powerful enemy working in the dark and secretly obstructing the movements of your father at every point.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Yes. Father has frequently said that he felt the hand of such an enemy, but he has found it quite impossible as yet to discover who it is.

FLINT. I have discovered him.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Indeed! Who is it? (*Turns to FLINT quietly.*)

FLINT. Yourself. (*VANALSTYNE, JR., starts. FLINT watches him quietly.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. May I ask *how* you have come to such a remarkable conclusion?

FLINT. You may. At a critical moment, about six weeks ago, you were struck insensible while directing me at the telephone. I was obliged to take matters into my own hands. From what I then learned and knowledge that has come to me since I have arrived at the exact truth. There was a sudden break in Keokuk and New Mexico on that day, but it was premature and would have exposed your plans. You are at the head of a powerful bear clique, bent on ruining your own father in this great Henrietta Mine scheme. With his own son as his secret enemy, even your father's enormous fortune may melt away. If the plot succeeds, you, not he, will be the Master of Wall Street.

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*aside*). The Master of Wall Street!
(*Aloud.*) Well! Business is business, cousin. What are

you going to charge me for this knowledge? We will let you into the speculation. How much?

FLINT (*rises, with hand on back of chair*). Pardon me. I never speculate under any circumstances whatever. I am simply a member of the New York Stock Exchange. I take my regular commission on all orders; nothing more, nothing less—one-eighth of one per cent.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I must pay you for your silence in solid cash. (*Looks at him inquisitively and rises.*)

FLINT. No. I have never yet done anything dishonorable as a business man, and I never shall.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Do you intend to inform my father?

FLINT. Certainly not. You are both my customers. It is quite immaterial to me whether you swindle each other or not. I shall continue to execute whatever orders either of you may give me at the usual commission—one-eighth of one per cent.

VANALSTYNE, JR. You didn't mention this to me for nothing.

FLINT (*puts chair back to place, and comes down c.*). I have been intending to speak to you on another subject also this evening. Your wife's little sister, Agnes—

VANALSTYNE, JR. You are in love with her.

FLINT. Yes.

VANALSTYNE, JR. And I am her guardian. (*Crosses 2 to mantel.*)

FLINT. I once had hopes, as you know, that Agnes would consent to be my wife. But since your brother Bertie has returned from college—

VANALSTYNE, JR. They do seem to understand each other, though I don't know that it's a regular engagement, yet. I see what you mean. You are too honorable a business man to accept money, or a share, for your silence, but you will force me to use my influence as Agnes' guardian and as the husband of her elder sister, in your favor.

FLINT. Not at all. But if you are still afraid that I will betray you to your father, after my sincere assurance that I will not—that is your affair, not mine. (*Goes R.*)

(*Enter ROSE up L., goes down c. and turns to FLINT.*)

ROSE. Watson, you should have come in time for dinner.

FLINT (*bows to ROSE*). I only dropped in on business.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Rose, my dear, we were just talking about Agnes.

FLINT. You know how deeply interested I am in that subject.

ROSE. I am afraid, Watson—(*shaking her head*)—that I must give up the hopes I once had; and you must give up your hopes, too. You know that you have been my

choice from the first. I am sure you would have made Agnes a good, true husband; and I am very anxious for her future. But the dear little girl's heart has found another mate. (*AGNES runs in up L.*)

AGNES. Bertie! (*He stops suddenly. Abashed.*) Beg pardon. I—I thought Bertie was here. Good evening, Mr. Flint. (*AGNES and FLINT bow to each other.*)

ROSE. Agnes, dear! Show Watson the four new pictures that came to-day.

FLINT. I shall be delighted to go to the gallery with you. (*Crosses to AGNES L. U. ROSE crosses to R.*)

AGNES. Very well; come. The prettiest is one by Meissonier. It's called "The Young Girl's Choice." (*Going out, up L. C.; followed by FLINT. Bows to ROSE.*)

ROSE (*looks after him L. U.*). I wish for Agnes' sake that she had chosen your cousin Watson for her husband, instead of your brother Bertie. Bertie is kind and good-natured; but he has got among such a fast set of young men.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I've had some misgivings on that ground, myself, Rose. (*Crosses to L. C.*) Bertie is a little wild.

(*Enter DR. PARKE WAINWRIGHT up L.*)

ROSE (*turns and sees DR. WAINWRIGHT*). Dr. Wainwright.

WAINWRIGHT. Mrs. Vanalstyne! (*Stopping up C. and bowing to ROSE and VANALSTYNE, JR.*) I owe you an apology for not keeping my engagement.

VANALSTYNE, JR. There was an empty chair for you at the table.

ROSE. Professional duties, I suppose.

WAINWRIGHT. Yes; a very urgent case. (*Comes down C.*)

ROSE. A physician's time is never his own. By the way, Doctor, how is the poor sick woman that wrote to me—Gertrude Reynolds, I think her name was. (*YOUNG NICK starts, exchanges quick glance with DOCTOR. Then to VANALSTYNE, JR.*) She wrote, asking me to call upon her. She did not say why, though she is not in want, and we are perfect strangers. Dr. Wainwright insisted that I should not go to see her; he said it might be dangerous to the rest of our family. How is she to-day?

WAINWRIGHT. It was her case that kept me away. She died—(*glancing at VANALSTYNE, JR.*)—about an hour ago.

ROSE. Poor woman! I wish I had seen her—in spite of your prohibition, Doctor. (*Turning up stage R.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*aside*). That danger is past. (*Turning to mantel and looking into the fire.*) Poor girl! She did love me.

(Enter MUSGRAVE up L. with a note and a packet.
Comes to C.)

MUSGRAVE. Mrs. Vanalstyne, a woman just called. (ROSE comes down R. C. with this packet and a letter. Hands packet and letter to ROSE.) She said there was no answer, but a dying woman had made her promise to bring them. I assured her that I would give them to you personally. She has gone.

ROSE. They are for me?

MUSGRAVE. Yes, madam. (Crosses and exits R. door. WAINWRIGHT and VANALSTYNE, JR., turn and watch her.)

ROSE. A dying woman! (Goes up stage and lays the packet on the table R. and breaks the envelope of the letter, moving down R. C. VANALSTYNE, JR., and WAINWRIGHT watch her intently as she takes out the letter. She turns a page reading signature.) "Gertrude Reynolds." (WAINWRIGHT crosses up stage to the table R. C., takes up the packet and places it in his breast-pocket. VANALSTYNE, JR., is still watching ROSE intently but quietly. She reads; staggering back as she does so, under emotion and in confusion; glances at VANALSTYNE, JR., and at the letter; then suddenly turns up stage to table.) The packet! Dr. Wainwright!—that was lying on this table; you have it; give it to me.

WAINWRIGHT (quietly). Will you let me read that letter?

ROSE. Yes (Giving it to him. Both come down room R. C. DOCTOR C. above ROSE. NICK remains L.) You know the whole truth, whatever it may be.

WAINWRIGHT (having glanced through the letter). Will you allow me to read this aloud? (Looks at NICK intently.) Your husband should know its contents as well as you.

ROSE. Yes; he should. (Her glance fixed on VANALSTYNE, JR., who stands at mantel, immovable and impassive.)

WAINWRIGHT (aside). No name is mentioned; we may save her poor heart yet. He must think while I read. (Aloud, reading.) "I have had bitter and wicked thoughts; but they have all passed away in the shadows of approaching death. I think now only of my child, not of revenge on him, but he must be sacrificed for her. I know how good you are; Dr. Wainwright has told me; and he has tried to save you from this. But a dying mother appeals to you. It is my last desperate chance. Do all you can for my little one. The doctor will tell you where she is. The letters to me from her father, which I send with this, will tell you the rest. You know the handwriting well. Gertrude Reynolds."

ROSE. The packet of letters! (Starts towards DOCTOR quickly. He makes a motion as if to give her the packet.)

VAN., JR. (*turns and speaks quickly*). Will you kindly leave Rose and me together a few moments, Doctor?

WAINWRIGHT. It is your right to have the letters, madam. They were sent to you. If you insist upon it, after an interview with your husband, I will give them to you. (*Exit up L. ROSE drops upon the ottoman, R. C., her face in her hands, sobbing aloud.*)

VAN., JR. (*crosses to C. Looks around room, then at ROSE*). Rose, I need hardly say that I am sorry this exposure has come at last. I would have concealed it from you entirely, but I may as well speak frankly to you now. I have known of this affair from the first. (*ROSE looks up suddenly.*) You are quite right. It will be better for Agnes' future for her to marry Watson Flint, instead of (*turning full face to audience*) my brother Bertie.

ROSE. Bertie?

VAN., JR. I ought to have told you about it long ago, when Agnes was first becoming interested in him. But you'll forgive me, my dear old girl (*moving toward her, extending arms*), won't you?

ROSE. Forgive you! (*Springing up and falling into his arms, crying.*) Forgive you!

VAN., JR. One doesn't like to stand in the way of his own brother's happiness, you know. But I should have told you, for your sister's sake. Come, come; don't cry; don't cry. (*Pats her on the back consolingly.*)

ROSE. I—I'm not crying, dear; I—I'm laughing. I don't know which I'm doing. (*Buries her head on his shoulder.*)

VAN., JR. You do forgive me?

ROSE. Forgive you? It's you that must forgive me. (*Breaks away slightly.*) I—I thought—no—I won't speak it—my darling! (*Resumes position in his arms.*) I am so happy! so happy! But I haven't any right to be. It is very selfish of me. (*Turns away again.*) Poor Agnes! Oh, my darling! (*Rushing into his arms, conclusively.*) Enter MRS. CORNELIA OPDYKE, up L. C. *Laughs outside.*) I am so happy! so happy! (*VAN., JR., kisses her.*)

CORNELIA. Oh! (*Stopping up C.*) I beg your pardon. (*Starts to go to conservatory.* ROSE starts R. YOUNG NICK L. CORNELIA comes down C. a little.)

ROSE. Cornelia! (*Starting up.*) Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha! You've caught us. I—I didn't intend to run away from you for so long a time. Oh, my dear Cornelia! (*Going to her, up R. C.*) I've never felt so happy in all my life—I—I mean I'm miserable. I must go to my room for a moment. (*Going L., laughs.*) Ha—ha—ha—ha— (*Drops her face into her hands, crying. Exit up L. Laughing and crying hysterically until well off.*)

CORNELIA (*looks off after her, then turns full to NICK*

who stands with back to audience). What a scandal in New York society! I saw your wife in your arms. But you can trust me perfectly. I won't tell anybody. I'll tell 'em it was somebody else's wife. ✓

VAN., JR. Will you pardon me for leaving you alone, Mrs. Opdyke? (*Crosses to C. and stops. Bows to CORNELIA.*) Rose is very nervous to-night.

CORNELIA. Certainly! Everybody knows how devoted you are to her—and other ladies. (*Goes down R. and bows sarcastically.*)

VAN., JR. (*aside. Looks at her angrily and goes up L. C.*). I'd better be with her for a while. She may need my advice—about my brother and Agnes. (*Bows to CORNELIA. Exit up L.*)

CORNELIA (*goes up L. C., looks off after YOUNG NICK, then comes down C.*). What right has a man like that to kiss his wife? When my husband was alive, and he asked me for a kiss, I told him I didn't want him to be untrue to the rest. Heigho! (*Sighing and looking down.*) There are plenty of pretty women with him now. (*Goes R. C., laughing heartily.*)

(*Enter NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE up L., hurriedly. Sees CORNELIA and stops.*)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). The widow is alone.

CORNELIA (*down R., seeing him*). The gentlemen have finished their cigars.

VANALSTYNE (*comes down L. C.*). The Reverend Dr. Hilton is still smoking with the young men. I gave him the biggest cigar in the house. It'll take him half an hour to smoke it. I took the smallest. (*Aside.*) Twist on the parson!

CORNELIA. Do you never smoke in the drawing-room? (*Crosses to him, C.*)

VANALSTYNE. Oh, yes; I'm a widower. But I was afraid that you might— (*Bows to her.*)

CORNELIA. I like it exceedingly.

VANALSTYNE. Oh, thank you! Then I'll light a big one. (*Goes to mantel, takes match from match-safe; attempts to scratch it on mantel; it will not light; steals a glance at CORNELIA, then covertly scratches it on his trousers, and lights cigar, and puffs violently. Aside.*) Another twist on the parson. I get my smoke and the widow, too. (*Turns his back to fire.*)

CORNELIA (*comes L. and sits on ottoman*). Mr. Vanalstyne, I feel that I ought to thank you, as well as my dear old friend Rose, for her kind invitation to visit here a few weeks, while my own house is undergoing repairs.

VANALSTYNE. Don't mention it. I gave her no rest till she—I would say—I was delighted when she told me she'd

invited you. I trust there's a lot to do to your house—that is—I hope you won't have much trouble.

CORNELIA. About two weeks' work, the contractor tells me.

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). I'll bribe him to make it ten. Her house is next door to the parsonage.

CORNELIA. I have settled down here already, as comfortable as if this were my own home.

VANALSTYNE. It is, madam! I mean—it ought to be; it must be—by Jove, madam, it shall be!

CORNELIA (*retiring before him, R., he following her*). Sir!

VANALSTYNE (*still approaching her*). Sell your own house! Rent it! Burn it! Blow it up!

(*Enter HILTON, L. Comes down between OLD NICK and CORNELIA.*)

HILTON. A—h—e—m!

VANALSTYNE (*sees HILTON. Aside*). I'd like to blow him up—with dynamite. (*Returning, L. Aloud.*) Have you finished that cigar already?

HILTON. It occurred to me, that if Mrs. Opdyke had no objection, I might venture to finish it here.

VANALSTYNE. She hates it. (*Notices his own cigar, and tosses it into fire.*)

CORNELIA. I just told Mr. Vanalstyne that I enjoy it.

HILTON. Then I'll retain my cigar. (*OLD NICK starts and looks in fire as if to recover his cigar.*)

VAN. Twist on Me! (*Steps away from fire, and puts both hands in his pockets.*)

HILTON. All the ladies of my congregation know that I am fond of smoking. Dear creatures! My study is quite a museum of embroidered slippers and smoking caps. Kind, charitable souls! They are devoted to me—I mean—to the church. You must visit my study some day, Mrs. Opdyke. (*Turns to CORNELIA.*)

VAN. (*aside*). Not after she becomes Mrs. Vanalstyne.

HILTON. But perhaps you will walk into the conservatory with me, Mrs. Opdyke. I can smoke there with a clearer conscience; and I should be glad to discuss the subject which we mentioned at dinner. You remarked (*crosses to her*) that you were deeply impressed with my sermon on the duty of distributing one's earthly possessions among the poor.

VAN. (*trying to attract his attention*). Do you want me to buy some more of that stock for you, Hilton?

HILTON. Eh? Oh! Pardon me one moment. (*Bows to CORNELIA and crosses to OLD NICK, L.*)

VAN. (*aside*). I suppose he's buying stock to distribute

among the poor. (CORNELIA goes up R. and looks in conservatory.)

HILTON (*apart to VANALSTYNE*). We were interrupted in the smoking-room. You received a note from me this afternoon about the Henrietta speculation?

VAN. (*feels for letter on outside of coat pocket*). No—yes; the servant handed me a letter from you just before I went in to dinner. I haven’t read it yet.

HILTON. It was delayed. Do you think you could place say ten thousand dollars more for me, to advantage?

VAN. Oh, yes! I can place it—to advantage. (*Aside*.) In my own bank account, if he doesn’t drop the widow.

HILTON. You are very kind. We’ll talk about it later in the evening. (CORNELIA comes down R. Then to CORNELIA, returning R.) My remarks in the sermon (NICK falls suddenly on ottoman) on the universal struggle in America for mere worldly fortune—especially the growing tendency in New York towards speculative gambling—impressed you particularly, you told me.

CORNELIA. Your sermons bring tears to the eyes of every woman in the congregation. (*They go up R. to conservatory*.)

VAN. (*aside*). That’s all he writes ’em for. They bring tears to my eyes. They cost us two hundred dollars apiece. (*Rises*.)

CORNELIA. Ah! (*Suddenly up R. C.*) Just a moment, please. (*She runs down across L. HILTON stands at cabinet R., looking at a vase. CORNELIA speaks to VANALSTYNE apart.*) I want to ask you about something, Mr. Vanalstyne—something very odd. Do you know anything of a—a woman named “Henrietta”?

VAN. “Henrietta”? (*Looking at her keenly; then aside*.) She’s after a pointer on the Henrietta Mine deal. (*Aloud*.) No, I don’t know any woman of that name.

CORNELIA. Oh, I thought you might. That’s all. (CORNELIA says, “That’s all.” OLD NICK repeats, “That’s all.” Exchange glances between them, half laughingly. Turns back, stops C., and looks from HILTON to VANALSTYNE. Then aside.) I happen to be aware that they both know a young woman of that name. (*Aloud*.) Come, Doctor. (*Starts to go up R. to conservatory*.) We will discuss the beauties of Henrietta— (*At the conservatory steps HILTON looks around sharply, dropping the vase, which is broken. Looks aghast at what he has done.*) I mean—of Christian charity—in the conservatory. (*She goes up the steps R. C. to conservatory, disappearing; laughing heartily. HILTON follows her; he stops at the top, looking back at VANALSTYNE. The latter walks up across R.*)

VAN. She’s dropped on the Henrietta Mine business. (*At foot of conservatory steps with HILTON.*) If we don’t

put a stop to that, all the women in New York will know about it, and the whole operation will be a failure. We must get her off the track some way. Meet me in my private office.

HILTON. I will leave the widow in about ten minutes—D. V. (*Exit R.*)

VAN. (*hands in his pockets*). He'd better—D. Q. (*Looking at his watch.*) It'll be a serious thing if a woman gets hold of this big deal. Whenever Mary's mother reads one of my business letters, I lose a railroad or two the next week. (*Comes down C.*) She lifted forty thousand dollars out of me herself once, on a pointer she found in my pocket, while I was asleep. When I got the screws on old Van Brunt, for three million dollars, it was because he sent his broker's wife an order for stocks, and her husband a love-letter; he got 'em mixed. I'll read Hilton's letter to me now. (*Taking letter from pocket and opening it.*) He wants to go in deeper. (*Reads.*) "My dear Cornelia." Eh? (*Looking at envelope. Holds letter in one hand and envelope in other.*) "Nicholas Vanalstyne, Esq." They don't match. (*Sits on hassock L.*) By thunder! he must have sent Mrs. Opdyke the letter about the Henrietta Mine. "My dear Cornelia." If he's got far enough along to address her that way, it looks rather blue for me. (*Reads.*) "My dear Cornelia—If this term, in addressing you, is more warmly affectionate than our short acquaintance would seem to justify, remember that I am your pastor." Now, let me see: Mrs. Opdyke has received his letter to me about Henrietta, and after reading it she thinks Henrietta is a woman. Hilton and I will agree on a story fitting that state of things, and I'll get him to tell it. (*Rises, goes to C.*) I don't think I'd better let him know that she has read his letter; it might embarrass him. I'll tell him I mislaid it, and ask him what he wrote to me. I wonder if he said anything that would make it awkward for him, if Henrietta *were* a woman? If he did—so much the worse for the parson—and so much the better for me. (*Walking up C.; he looks out.*) There comes Mary, with my new son-in-law; just arrived to-day. How the devil that girl picked up that little English lord—all by herself, without a mother—is a mystery to me. (*Moving down R.*) Bertie is delighted. He can take him to the club, and set him up among his fellow Anglo-maniacs. He's the original article. (*Starts to go off door R.*)

(*Enter LADY MARY, L. U.*)

LADY MARY (*MARY says*). Papa, dear! Here's Lord Arthur. (*Which stops VANALSTYNE; comes back R. C.*)

(Enter LORD ARTHUR TRELAWNEY, up L. C. The latter walks down L. He is a little fellow, exquisitely dressed, with a single glass and hair parted in the middle. When LORD ARTHUR is well down.)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). I wonder if Mary smuggled that in or paid duty on it!

LADY MARY. Papa, dear! Lord Arthur was just asking me whether all the people in America are rich, or only some of them.

VANALSTYNE. There are occasional exceptions.

LADY MARY. I have been in Europe so long myself, I really can't tell Lord Arthur anything about America, you know.

VANALSTYNE. Oh, that girl's ears are longer than her memory. (*Walks L. He stops abruptly before LORD ARTHUR, L. C., looking him up and down. LORD ARTHUR passes R. VANALSTYNE watches him, then turns L., speaking aside.*) I'll be stepping on that some day.

LADY MARY. Oh, papa, dear! (*Comes down to VANALSTYNE, L.*) I want to get your advice. You gave me fifty thousand dollars for my wedding present, you know; you cabled it with your blessing the day Lord Arthur and I were married. What would you advise me to put it into? Is anything booming just now? How's the market?—bullish or bearish? Any chance to get a twist on the shorts? I don't want to salt it down, you know. I'd like to take a flyer on one of the fancy stocks. Can you give me a pointer? (*Note tablet and pencil, looking at VANALSTYNE out of the corner of her eyes. VANALSTYNE looks at her quizzingly.*)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). There's nothing European about that. She's her mother's own girl, after all. (*Aloud.*) Buy Salt Lake City and Denver—ten days—at forty-six.

LADY MARY (*making note on tablet*). Thank you, papa. (*Looks up.*) Straight tip, governor? No larks, you know.

VANALSTYNE. Oh!—honor bright. (*Aside.*) It's worth thirty-six. I'll have Watson Flint sell it to her on my account, and I'll get back that wedding present.

LADY MARY. Some one has ruined one of my lovely vases that I brought from England. (*Running to cabinet and picking up the pieces.*)

VANALSTYNE (*looking at his watch*). Hilton's ten minutes for refreshments are up. (*He crosses R., stops abruptly before LORD ARTHUR, R. C., looks him up and down. LORD ARTHUR passes L. VANALSTYNE looks at him over his shoulder, then turns to door. Aside.*) I wish Mary wouldn't let that run around on the carpet. (*Exit down R.*)

LORD ARTHUR. Mary, my dear!

LADY MARY. Lord Arthur! (*Crossing to him L.*)

LORD ARTHUR. Are all the girls' fathers in America like that one?

LADY MARY. I wish they were all such dear, good, kind fathers as he is.

LORD ARTHUR. Yes, he is very kind, only he's such a queer old chap. It's been the same way ever since I arrived. We've been passing each other every now and then all day, and I seem to take him by surprise every time.

LADY MARY (*laughing merrily*). Ha! ha! ha! ha! You must remember that papa isn't accustomed to the British aristocracy yet. (*Going to him. Throws her arms around his neck.*) My own dear, sweet little English lord! I was astonished, too, when I first met you. But I love you now, darling, and so will papa; he's just as fond of pets as I am. But I want to talk to Alice a little. (*Places hands on his shoulders and forces him gently on ottoman L. Places hands on each cheek and turns him towards fire L.*) Sit down, Artie dear, and look into the fire until I get back.

(*Enter BERTIE, L. U.*)

BERTIE. Tell Agnes I am here, please, Mary.

LADY MARY. I'll bring her back with me. (*Exit up L.*)
LORD ARTHUR *sits L. C., looking into the fire.* BERTIE *walks down L. C., looking at him with interest.*

BERTIE. I am the brother-in-law of a real English lord. (*Aside.*) I will keep him six weeks before I take him to the club. I will study him carefully, and I will astonish all the other fellows. (*Sits on ottoman R.*) We aren't like the real thing a bit. (*Aloud.*) Brother-in-law! (*LORD ARTHUR turns front quietly and looks at him. BERTIE looks at him a moment in silence. He looks at LORD ARTHUR, who still has his glass fixed on him, without the slightest movement of a finger or a foot. BERTIE looks at him and then away two or three times. Aside.*) If I don't think of something else to say pretty soon this will become embarrassing. (*Finally, aloud.*) Do you like America?

LORD ARTHUR. Yes. (*He still looks at BERTIE without a movement. BERTIE looks at him a moment, then away.*)

BERTIE (*aside*). That's one thing we haven't got yet; we can't keep on looking at another fellow as if we didn't see anything in particular. I will practise that before a cigar-store Indian. (*Looks again at LORD ARTHUR, whose glass is still levelled at him.*) I feel as if I were sitting for my photograph. (*Aloud.*) Brother-in-law, did you think Fifth Avenue was pretty as you drove up in the carriage?

LORD ARTHUR. I didn't look out of the window.

BERTIE (*aside*). *He must have been looking at something. (*His face suddenly lights up. Aloud.*) How did you like the cushion on the front seat of the carriage?

LORD ARTHUR. Beautiful.

BERTIE. Awfully, isn't it? (*Aside.*) I've been waiting all day to hear how *he* says “awfully,” and he hasn't said it once. (*Aloud.*) Brother-in-law, I would like to ask you, don't cher know—

LORD ARTHUR. Beg your pardon; that's an American word, I suppose.

BERTIE (*aside*). I wonder what sort of an Englishman we've all been copying after anyway. If I shouldn't say “awfully” or “don't cher know” in the club for two days it would excite comment. If we drop both those expressions, we shall have nothing left but the eye-glass. (*Glances at LORD ARTHUR, who has not removed his gaze for a moment.*) He does wear an eye-glass. (*Aloud.*) Are you near-sighted?

LORD ARTHUR. No; what gave you that idea?

BERTIE (*swinging his own glass*). Nothing.

LORD ARTHUR. Are you?

BERTIE. Only when I've got my glass in my eye.

LORD ARTHUR. Perhaps it isn't perfectly flat. (*Laughs.*)

BERTIE. I dare say it isn't quite accurate. (*He puts his glass in his eye; it drops. He glances at LORD ARTHUR and tries several times to keep the glass in; then aside.*) If I could wear a glass as he does I should paralyze New York. (*Aloud.*) Were you born so?

LORD ARTHUR. I suppose so.

BERTIE. Blood will tell. (*Rising, crosses to left, and sits on ottoman with LORD ARTHUR. LORD ARTHUR turns and looks into the fire again.*) My sister Mary—I would say Lady Mary;—she always was a lady; but we never before thought it necessary to call special attention to the fact every time we spoke of her; Lady Mary said this afternoon that you would tell me about your English clothes.

LORD ARTHUR. My valet will show them to you. He knows how they go on. I don't.

BERTIE. We fellows at the club all have our clothes made in London. (*Adjusts LORD ARTHUR's trousers, then looks at them, and then at his own.*) Only we don't know when to wear the different kinds after they get to New York.

LORD ARTHUR. My valet always puts the right ones on me.

BERTIE. Your valet seems to be a remarkably gentlemanly man for his position.

LORD ARTHUR. He tries to imitate us.

BERTIE (*aside*). That's it! I've got it! (*Rises quickly.*) He's the fellow we've been imitating. (*Walks up R.*)

LORD ARTHUR. You were speaking at dinner (*turning front*) of some races at St. Jerome Park.

BERTIE. Would you like to go with me to-morrow? (*Walking down to near LORD ARTHUR, C.*) The favorite at our club is a young mare from Kentucky named "Henrietta."

LORD ARTHUR. I can't, my dear boy, I haven't enough money with me. My father—

BERTIE. The Marquis.

LORD ARTHUR. He said he'd send me some more as soon as his bank account was all right. But he bought some railway shares from *your* father, about six weeks ago; and he lost a hundred thousand pounds on them.

BERTIE. Oh, that's all right. I've got it in *my* bank account. Father gave me exactly that amount about the same time. I believe that's what New York business men call "Foreign Exchange." I will put any amount you wish at your disposal. Then we will join our forces and lay our money on the favorite. (*Enter LADY MARY and AGNES up L. They stop up R. C. looking at gentlemen.*) We'll drive out to Jerome Park, to-morrow, in my new English dog-cart; I haven't any dogs, but I drive out my other friends in it. We'll go the races together, and we will take Henrietta between us. (*The two ladies start with a scream. BERTIE turns toward them. LORD ARTHUR turns and looks quietly into the fire again.*)

LADY MARY. Take Henrietta between them!

AGNES. Oh, Bertie! (*Walking down R. and covering her face with both hands.*)

BERTIE. Agnes, dear! (*Approaching her.*)

LADY MARY (*drawing up to her full height*). Lord Arthur Fitzroy Waldegrave Rawdon Trelawney!

LORD ARTHUR. My full name. Lady Mary is serious. (*He rises and walks up towards her; she points out L. with stern dignity. He turns and walks straight out, up L. C. She follows him out with an imperious air.*)

BERTIE. What is it, Agnes dear?

AGNES (*crying*). That horrid woman.

BERTIE. Woman!

AGNES. Henrietta! You promised me you'd burn her photograph and have nothing to do with her, and now you're going to take her to the races with you.

BERTIE. Take her to the— Oh—I see. This is another Henrietta.

AGNES. Are there two? (*Turns quickly.*)

BERTIE. This one is a chestnut filly from Kentucky.

AGNES. Bertie! Look me straight in the face. How can you and Lord Arthur go in that little dog-cart of yours and take a chestnut filly from Kentucky between you?

BERTIE. We aren't. We are both going to *bet on Henrietta*, and divide what we win—or otherwise.

AGNES. Oh—Bertie! (*Resting her head on his breast with her back to audience.*) Forgive me!

BERTIE. I hope Lord Arthur will be able to explain the situation before Lady Mary divests him of any portion of his English wardrobe and chastises him.

(*Enter MRS. CORNELIA OPDYKE in conservatory, up R. She looks over railing.*)

CORNELIA. Bertie! You're just the one I wanted to see. (*Coming down steps.*) I've been dying of curiosity for the last three hours, (*running down R. C.*) and the result will certainly be fatal if I don't get relief soon. Do you know anything about a woman named "Henrietta"?

AGNES. There's a chestnut filly called Henrietta; she's going to race at Jerome Park to-morrow.

CORNELIA. A chestnut filly! (*Takes a letter from her bosom, looks at it; then aside.*) The Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton has been betting on a horse race. (*Aloud.*) You don't know of any other female of that name?

BERTIE. There is a ballet dancer named Henrietta. (*CORNELIA suddenly opens the letter again and stares at it.*) Come, Agnes dear. (*Starts to go up to conservatory slowly.*) We will go into the conservatory and talk about something else. We haven't told each other how much we love each other since early this afternoon. (*They go up the steps into conservatory, disappearing in the shrubbery.*)

CORNELIA. The more I read this letter the more bewildered I am. I would like another chat with you about Henrietta. (*Drops on the ottoman, R. C. still intent on the letter. Enter the REV. DR. MURRAY HILTON down R., followed by NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE. CORNELIA holds the letter in her right hand, which has fallen at her side. HILTON crosses to mantel L.*) Now, is it the chestnut filly or the ballet-dancer?

VANALSTYNE (*aside, R.*). That's his letter to me about Henrietta in her hand now. (*Stops trying to read the letter, and at a slight sign from him, CORNELIA turns and sees him; looks surprised. NICK bows nervously and goes to C., turns up C. Aloud.*) I think you'd better tell Mrs. Opdyke about the matter we have been discussing, Hilton. Perhaps she can give you some good advice.

CORNELIA. If I can be of any service, I shall be very glad.

VANALSTYNE. If he knew that was his letter, he'd see me further first. (*Pays great attention to following scene.*)

HILTON. We have been—ah—consulting on the case of a—young woman—ah—named "Henrietta."

CORNELIA (*aside*). It isn't the filly. (*Reads from letter, still aside.*)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). She's following every word he says with that letter.

HILTON (*leaning on mantel*). I forget her last name, but she is known to the general public as the—"The Witch of Wall Street."

CORNELIA. Oh! I have heard of her.

HILTON. I—I regret to say, that—ah—Henrietta is a—very beautiful young woman. (VANALSTYNE *brings his hand to his mouth trying to suppress his laughter.*) And she is—ah—particularly fascinating to—ah—to members of my own sex. (VANALSTYNE *flops to one side and buries his face in the sofa-cushion.*) I am grieved to add, madam, that I have every reason to think that several members of my congregation have become interested in this woman. (VANALSTYNE *flops over to the other side and buries his head in the other cushion.*)

CORNELIA (*reading aside*). "I am deeply interested in that direction, you know."

HILTON. My dear friend, Mr. Vanalstyne. (VANALSTYNE *suddenly sits up, trying to pull himself together and look serious.*) He—ha—he is the senior member of my vestry, and I have been discussing the subject with him. The woman's ostensible occupation is to give financial advice to gentlemen speculating in Wall Street; her ostensible occupation. You can understand my anxiety, as shepherd of a flock, which is largely composed of Wall Street lambs.

CORNELIA (*reading aside*). "I trust that Henrietta is still booming."

HILTON. This woman's character is such that no gentleman can have the most distant association with her, without justly forfeiting the respect of his friends. (VANALSTYNE *jumps around and smothers his face in the centre of the sofa; seizing both cushions and bringing them to each side of his face; his heels describe circles in the air alternately.* MRS. OPDYKE and HILTON *see him.* CORNELIA *starts up.* Both *stare at him, and move up R. and L.* They *approach nearer.* VANALSTYNE *continues his struggles.* The others *look alarmed.*)

CORNELIA. My dear Mr. Vanalstyne. (VANALSTYNE *springs up and turns front, looking from one to the other, his face flushed and nearly choking.* He *finally bursts into laughter, coming down and dropping upon the ottoman, L. C.*)

VANALSTYNE. Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha. The—the parson has—ha—ha—ha—ha—landed himself—ha—ha—ha—high and dry with the widow—ha—ha—ha—ha—out of *my* way! Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!

HILTON. I do not understand the cause of your mirth.
(Up c.)

CORNELIA. Perhaps this will help you to understand it, Mr. Hilton. (*Holding up the letter.*) Your letter, intended for Mr. Vanalstyne, sent to me by mistake. (*Walks down R.*) "I trust that Henrietta is still booming." (*VANALSTYNE shouts with laughter.*)

HILTON (*recovering from his astonishment and moving down to VANALSTYNE, C.*). I will explain it all to her. (*Starts to go to CORNELIA, C. VANALSTYNE stops him suddenly. Suddenly serious. Apart.*) If you do, you'll lose every dollar you've put in. (*Crosses to R.*)

CORNELIA. But the postscript?

VANALSTYNE. Postscript!

CORNELIA. The postscript interests me even more than the letter itself. (*Crosses to C.*)

VANALSTYNE (*rising suddenly*). Postscript! (*To HILTON.*) You didn't tell me about any postscript.

CORNELIA (*reading*). "I give you my entire confidence in this matter, my dear brother Vanalstyne, for I know that you are more deeply interested in Henrietta than anybody else." (*HILTON walks up C., complacently. VANALSTYNE catches his breath, then turns up stage to go after HILTON, who has reached the door, L. VANALSTYNE stops him.*)

HILTON. If you explain it to her, you will lose every dollar you've put in. (*Walks out L., with stately dignity. VANALSTYNE moves down, glances at MRS. OPDYKE, goes to door, R., looks to CORNELIA, turns to speak, she laughs, he bows awkwardly, looks at her again, she still continues laughing, he with a forced laugh.*)

VANALSTYNE. Down on both alleys! (*Exit down R. CORNELIA bursts into hearty laughter, and moves up stage.*)

CORNELIA. Ha—ha—ha—ha! (*Looking L.*) Mary, Agnes—girls! (*Beckoning.*) Such fun! Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha! (*Enter MARY up L.; AGNES runs in, in conservatory, up R., moving down C., still laughing, MARY on her L.; AGNES runs down the steps, R.*) I have found out all about Henrietta.

LADY MARY. She's the favorite for the races to-morrow.

CORNELIA. No! Ha—ha—ha—ha! She's neither a chestnut filly nor a ballet-dancer. Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha! The Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton has just told me all about her, in the presence of Mr. Nicholas Vanalstyne, and they know Henrietta is a beautiful young woman, known as the Witch of Wall Street.

AGNES. Witch!

LADY MARY. Young woman.

CORNELIA. Her character is spotless—all black with-

out a white spot on it. All the lambs of Dr. Hilton's flock are in love with her, and one, at least, that hasn't been a lamb in a great many years, not to mention the shepherd himself. Ha—ha—ha—ha! (*CORNELIA runs up stage into conservatory and disappears among the shrubbery up R. ; still continues laughing until it dies away in the distance. A slight pause before speaking. BERTIE appears in conservatory, looking back at MRS. OPDYKE.*)

AGNES. Mary!

LADY MARY (*drawing up to her full height*). Lord Arthur Fitzroy Waldegrave Rawdon Trelawney has deceived me. (*She walks up with great dignity, stops up L., looking out.*) He is coming this way. (*She pauses a moment, looking sternly out L., then points majestically away as if to a person approaching, and goes out up L.* AGNES stands R. C., *choking slightly and touching her eyes with her handkerchief.*)

AGNES. There—there must be some mistake—somewhere. I—I am sure Bertie wouldn't tell me a story about it.

BERTIE. •What's the matter, Agnes? (*Walks down the steps.*) Are you sobbing?

AGNES. Not exactly; almost. (*A slight sob.*)

BERTIE (*at her side*). But why, Agnes, dear?

AGNES. There—there are so many different kinds of Henrietta.

BERTIE. Have you found another one?

(*Enter ROSE from L. ; she stops C. up stage.*)

AGNES. Yes!

ROSE. Agnes.

BERTIE. Rose. (*Crosses L. ; AGNES goes to ROSE, L.*)

ROSE. I was looking for you. Go to your room, my child. I have something to say to him (*turns coldly to BERTIE*) that is not right for you to hear.

AGNES (*looking at ROSE, and realizing it is something painful*). No, there is nothing you can say to him that I have not the right to hear.

ROSE. Perhaps it may be better that you should hear. Bertie, you and my sister are engaged to be married.

BERTIE. Yes. (*Down L. corner, sits on ottoman, L.*)

ROSE. That engagement must be broken off.

BERTIE and AGNES (*together*). Broken—off! (*Quickly rises and turns to ROSE.*)

ROSE. At once—

BERTIE. But—

ROSE. I insist upon it.

AGNES. Rose!

ROSE. I always knew that you were a fool, Bertie.

BERTIE. Agnes knew that before she said she loved me. (AGNES nods her head approvingly.)

ROSE. If she had known what I know now, she could never have loved you. I did not believe that you and your silly companions at the club were anything worse than fools.

BERTIE. We aren't. We only pretend to be. I told Agnes all about it. (AGNES nods her head as before. Enter VANALSTYNE, JR., and DR. WAINWRIGHT up L. They stop up L. C.) What have you heard?

ROSE. The worst that I could possibly hear. You have ruined and cruelly deserted a woman who loved and trusted you. (AGNES drops on ottoman, R.)

BERTIE. I—I have—what? (Dazed. MRS. OPDYKE appears in conservatory.)

WAINWRIGHT (aside). He has thrown the blame on his brother, and made me a participant in his crime.

BERTIE (suddenly). That must be the other Henrietta that Agnes was talking about. (Turns to ROSE.)

ROSE. You know her true name well enough, though I dare say you have been too careless to learn the whole sad truth. Dr. Wainwright can tell you that. He was at her side to-day, where you ought to have been also. Ask him what I have heard to-night.

BERTIE. Sister Rose, I declare to you, on the honor of a gentleman, that I know nothing whatever about the matter you are speaking of. (AGNES turns hopefully to L.)

WAINWRIGHT (aside, glancing at VANALSTYNE, JR.). I will protect him no longer. (Aloud.) Mrs. Vanalstyne, here is the packet which was sent to you to-night. (Hands her packet. VANALSTYNE, JR., starts in alarm, watching her intently. CORNELIA stands at rail, up R. C., looking down. VANALSTYNE, JR., has taken a small chair and places it back to audience, up C. and L.; sits.)

ROSE. A packet of letters to the poor woman from the man who deserted her. (Crosses to BERTIE, puts the letters in his hand, then re-crosses to AGNES. BERTIE looks at the letters bewildered, then slowly unwraps the packet, looks at the letters and starts. VANALSTYNE, JR., is watching him intently. He gives a slight start as he sees the letters. The others are looking at him deeply interested. ROSE turns to him.) Do you recognize the handwriting? (Music, P. P.)

BERTIE. Yes, I—why? (Turns sharply to VANALSTYNE, JR., who rises and looks at him appealingly. BERTIE turns to audience, looks at letters again, then looks to AGNES.) Agnes!

AGNES. Bertie! (Falls on ottoman, R., face in hands, sobbing. ROSE is consoling her. BERTIE turns again sharply to VANALSTYNE, JR., who points to ROSE appealingly and shakes his head. ROSE crosses to VANALSTYNE,

JR. BERTIE *turns again to audience, then slowly crosses to mantel, and drops letters quietly into fire. Music swells to F. E. BERTIE leans on mantel, head on hand.*)

CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE.

BERTIE *on R. ottoman, with elbow on knee. DR. WAINWRIGHT stands with his hand on his shoulder behind him. AGNES and ROSE up L. C., AGNES looking at BERTIE, ROSE drawing her gently towards L. D.; VANALSTYNE, JR., with one foot on conservatory steps. MRS. OPDYKE has picked letters out of fire and extinguished flame. Music kept up F. all through.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE PLOT.

PLAIN CHAMBER.

4 wings.
2 set doors.
C. D. Flats.
Interior backings back of all openings.

BROKER'S OFFICE FURNITURE.

Cloth down over Act II., carpet tacked and stretched.
1 flat or roll top desk, oak or ash.
2 revolving office chairs.
2 large oak armchairs.
1 small oak table.
3 light oak chairs.
1 roll-top desk.
Plenty of plain rugs.
Telephone on right side of R. D.
Telephone bell outside of R. D.
Glass of water outside of R. D.
Basket in front of ticker.
Machine in perfect working order.
Have dummy ticker in R. 1 E. in case of accident to machine.
Bunch of keys for Musgrave.
Newspaper for Van, Jr.
Small note book and pencil for Flint.

ARTICLES ON DESK R.

1 inkstand and pens and pencils.
1 check-book.
1 order-book.
1 *put* pad—pink.
1 *call* pad—blue.
2 pads of writing paper.
Half dozen blank calling cards.
Inventories, list, quotation sheets, etc.
Pigeon-holes filled with papers.

ARTICLES ON DESK L.

- 1 inkstand, pens and pencil.
- 1 check-book with checks filled out.
- 1 blotter.
- Papers strewn over desk.
- 1 waste basket in front of desk.

NOTE.—The furniture for this scene must be of leather and of oak or ash, and anything used in Act I. *must not be used in this scene.* When safe is used, dress it as safes are usually dressed.

GAS PLOT.

' OFFICE OF WATSON, FLINT & CO.

- House, foots and borders full up.
- Bunch lights R. and L. 2 E.
- Bunch lights R. and L. of C. D.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Office of Watson Flint & Co., Stock Exchange Brokers. Double glass doors, up stage, near C.; corridor at back, door down L., door up R. C., small hall beyond, desk down R., another up L., safe up R. C., small table up L. C., revolving chair at each desk, two luxurious arm-chairs, one near C., the other up R. C., Stock indicator down R., with basket; telephone up R. C. The decoration of the room as rich as possible, yet appropriate to a business office; the furniture and woodwork of polished hard woods, sofa ornamented to harmonize with the decorations, richly engraved glass in door. The indicator is working as the curtain rises. WATSON FLINT stands near indicator with the tape in his hand reading it.*

FLINT. New York Central down to one nine and three-eighths. Delaware and Hudson ninety-nine and a quarter; all the gilt edges giving way; and money locked up. The market is getting more and more excited. A flurry!—more than a flurry! "St. Paul & Omaha, preferred—one seven. Failure of Lapscomb & Co." The air is thick with failures to-day. Keokuk and New Mexico three points lower: that comes home to us. A danger signal! "Henrietta Mining and Land Company"—here we have it—"eighty-seven"—a drop of two points since ten o'clock—"eighty-five and a quarter." Aha! The squall has struck us suddenly. Henrietta is the centre of attack. I suspected as much. "Eighty-four." It is going down with a rush. The enemy has chosen to-day for the final battle; and Old Nick is away on his yacht. (*A signal on the telephone, up R. C.; he goes up, speaks into it and listens alternately.*) Hello! Who is it? Oh!—Agnes! What? (*Repeats what he hears.*) "Mrs. Opdike and Lady Mary have gone down to your office. They asked me to tell you they were coming." All right. (*Speaks in telephone.*) Is your brother Nicholas at home? (*Listens.*) "Bertie hasn't been at home for ten days." (*Speaks in telephone.*) Where is your brother Nicholas? (*Listens.*) "We haven't seen Bertie since a week ago last Tuesday." (*Speaks in telephone louder.*) Where is Nicholas? (*Listens.*) "If you see Bertie—" Bertie be—hanged! Good-bye. (*Rings off telephone, turns away.*) Bertie would be a valuable assistant at a crisis like this. (*Returns to indicator and reads tape.*) "A strong bear raid on Henrietta has developed itself. All the Vanalstyn's stocks are falling rapidly. A general panic is threatened. Intense excitement. Rumored suspension of two National Banks. Henrietta—seventy-nine!" (*The indicator stops.*) A break of ten

points since the opening. (*Sits at desk.*) I must head off the enemy at once. If the old man were here, he'd toss the whole exchange on his horns. (*Writes.*) "Buy ten thousand shares Henrietta in one block." (*Enter BERTIE, up c. from L. ; he is dressed with exquisite neatness in the height of style, a glossy silk hat, gloves, etc. BERTIE coughs, which attracts FLINT.*) Ah, Bertie!

BERTIE. Cousin Watson!

FLINT (*writing.*) "If this does not check the fall, buy ten thousand more." (*Does not look up.*) Agnes was just speaking to me about you—through the telephone.

BERTIE. Agnes? Is Agnes well?

FLINT (*rising.*) She was not very well, when I last called; she couldn't see me. (*Stepping into passage up r. c. and holding out his arm with note beyond door, and exits.*)

BERTIE. Agnes wasn't very well the last time I heard about her. Ah! Ah! Ah! (*Sighs—goes up L. ; brings chair from table down c.*)

FLINT (*re-enter—comes down*). Commission to us—one-half to the big operators—six hundred and twenty-five dollars. Whichever side loses, we brokers win. (*Sits r. ; to indicator.*) Tick on, my friend, you entertain me. (*Turns to BERTIE and drops business tones.*) You left home very suddenly, and late at night, about ten days ago, Bertie.

BERTIE. Yes.

FLINT. We've all heard of you, now and then; though none of the family has seen you. You sent back word that you had taken apartments at Delmonico's. Are you still there?

BERTIE. Yes, Cousin Watson, I am launched upon a career of maddening dissipation.

FLINT. Indeed!

BERTIE. I have become a wild and desperate gambler. During the last ten nights I have been visiting faro-banks and other dens of iniquity. I have at last come down to Wall Street. I desire to encounter a tiger of a larger size and more savage nature. They tell me that I shall find such an animal here. The smaller ones have ceased to distract my thoughts. Will you teach me the game?

FLINT. You wish to buy a few shares of stock?

BERTIE. Yes, I will take a few dozen chips to begin with. What do you charge for them?

FLINT. Shares differ in value, like wall-paper, according to what is printed on them.

BERTIE. You may choose the pattern for yourself.

FLINT. How much margin do you want to put up?

BERTIE. Margin? They didn't say anything about that in the other places. What is a margin?

FLINT. Money—say ten thousand dollars—a check on your bank—or securities.

BERTIE. What do you mean by the word "securities"?

FLINT. Bonds—sound railway shares—anything that I can turn into money, at a moment's notice.

BERTIE. You never order stocks unless people give you money or securities first?

FLINT. Certainly not. That is my only protection. If stocks go up, you make a profit. If they go down—
(*Turns to desk.*)

BERTIE. I lose the margin. I think I understand the game. I will try my luck. Where are the tables?

FLINT (*turns, looks at BERTIE in surprise*). At the Stock Exchange, across the way.

BERTIE. I suppose I can go over there with safety.
(*Rises and stand back of chair.*) About how often do the police pull it?

FLINT. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You will be quite safe.
(*Rises. The indicator ticks.*) This is the machine we play the game with.

BERTIE. I will give you my check for fifty thousand dollars.
(*Walking L. to desk and sits.*)

FLINT. How does *Henrietta* suit you?

BERTIE (*turning suddenly*). *Henrietta* does not suit me at all, sir. *Henrietta* has been the cause of all my troubles; and permit me to say this, sir, if any man mentions the name of *Henrietta* to me again, I will hit him.

FLINT. Oh, very well. Shall I buy *Keokuk* and—

BERTIE. Buy anything you like.
(*At desk L. C.; writes check.*)

FLINT (*looking at tape*). Ah! a rally of four points, from seventy-nine back to eighty-three. That last order has had its effects.
(*Reads tape.*) "*Henrietta* is now holding its own. All the *Vanalstyne* stocks are stronger, and the panic is checked."
(*Indicator stops.*) The bear movement seems to be paralyzed.
(*Turns to desk and writes.*)

(*Enter VANALSTYNE, JR., up C., with newspaper in his hand.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*stopping near door*). Bertie—here? Bertie! (BERTIE rises, comes to C. at same moment VANALSTYNE, JR., comes down L. C., holds out hand and says "Bertie!") BERTIE turns suddenly, makes movement as if to take his hand, looks at him, then shakes his head and goes to FLINT. VANALSTYNE, JR., sighs and goes L. to desk and sits.)

BERTIE. Here is the check.

FLINT (*turning in his chair*). Oh, Nicholas! You've come at last. (*Takes BERTIE's check and writes on a card, not looking up from desk.*) I will give you a card of introduction to my partner at the Exchange—the Broad Street entrance. There's a special place for private visitors. Be sure you don't get on the floor by mistake. No outsider has ever been on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange and come out alive. (*Looks up at BERTIE.*) We always kill them—and eat them for lunch. (*Giving a card.*)

BERTIE. It will entertain me. (*FLINT takes paper he has written on from desk and goes to door R. and exits. BERTIE crosses L. to table, takes hat and cane, goes up C., turns to VANALSTYNE, JR.*) How did you leave Agnes this morning?

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*he does not look up from newspaper*). She didn't come down to breakfast; a headache, Rose told me.

BERTIE (*half aside*). I have a headache, too, nearly every morning now. (*Sighs.*) I wish that were the only pain. Perhaps the Stock Exchange is good for a headache. (*Exit up C. off L.*)

(*Re-enter FLINT, goes to desk R. and sits.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*throws down paper, rises suddenly and comes to C.*). Flint!

FLINT. Well? (*At desk.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. It was you, of course, that gave the order which checked the panic a few moments ago?

FLINT. Yes; I have general instructions to protect your father's stocks in case both of you are absent. Now that *you* are here, you can take charge of matters yourself.

VANALSTYNE, JR. You and I may as well understand each other to-day, Flint.

FLINT (*turns to VANALSTYNE, JR.*). I think we do understand each other. It was you that tried to bring about the panic this morning. Your father has sailed on his steam yacht for a day's excursion, leaving his affairs in your charge. You have been waiting for an opportunity like this to strike the final blow, after fighting against him in secret for more than three months. You have been working the market to-day from the private office of your father's bitterest enemy on the Street—Mr. John Van Brunt. If you succeed in beating down the price of Henrietta to sixty-five, before three o'clock, Nicholas Vanalstyne will be ruined, and you will be a millionaire many times over. We understand each other perfectly, you see.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Perfectly.

FLINT. But for the present you have failed. You for-

“ THE HENRIETTA.”

got to instruct me not to protect the stocks. It was a serious oversight. I am a mere business machine.

VANALSTYNE, JR. It was, indeed, an oversight. (*Takes L. corner.*)

FLINT. The battle has been turned against you; you have exhausted all the money and securities within your reach, and it is after two o'clock already.

VANALSTYNE, JR. I have but one resource left.

FLINT (*rises and comes C.*). I see what you mean. Your father's own securities.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Yes.

FLINT. But even *you* cannot nerve yourself to take them from the safe deposit vaults and use them against him. It *would* be very much like robbery.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Father has his own keys with him, and I mislaid mine.

FLINT. I did you an injustice; I thought you had conscientious scruples. (*Returns to desk.*)

(*Enter MUSGRAVE up C., nervous, anxious and out of breath; throws hat in chair R., comes down L. C.*)

MUSGRAVE. Ah, Mr. Vanalstyne! I hope the Henrietta mine is all right. I found your keys, sir—

VANALSTYNE, JR. Ah!

MUSGRAVE. After you left the house.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Quick! Give them to me. (*Comes to MUSGRAVE hurriedly.*)

MUSGRAVE (*searching his pockets*). I saw how anxious you were about it, sir, and hurried right down. Where did I put them? I hope the delay hasn't been dangerous to your father's interests. Oh, here they are! (*Giving keys.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*goes to L. corner, hurriedly turns and rushes up C., meets OLD NICK in door C., starts back and goes to L. corner*). Just in time! Now, watch the ticker, Flint.

VANALSTYNE. Hello, boys! The bears have been playing the devil with you this morning, haven't they? The old bull has come back. Just in from Bulltown. Stand from under, youngsters! (*Moving down. FLINT goes up and sits in armchair.*) Watch the blue Empyrean above my horns! You'll see a thousand bears pawing the air in about fifteen minutes. (*Moves R. looking at tape.*) My steam yacht broke her shaft while we were passing Staten Island. As we were landing at Stapleton, a friend called out to me from the dock, "There's an earthquake in Wall Street." I tumbled over the taffrail and caught the next ferry. I enjoy earthquakes. They *have* been hammering things down—a regular bear raid. Trying to catch me in

a panic, eh? I've been through fifty panics before. Going to wipe out Old Nick, eh? I'll have a jollier excursion than I expected to-day. Things are safe for the present. I see. This is an ambuscade; they knew of my absence. (*Exit FLINT. During the following OLD NICK rises into savage earnestness, moving L.; VANALSTYNE, JR., half crouching as he proceeds, FLINT's eyes fixed upon him.*)

Strange!—that I can't find who my real enemy is. When I do find him, I'll crush him to the earth. I'll grind his life out. It will be a death struggle between us; but his heart will cease to beat. (*Stops suddenly, looking at VANALSTYNE, JR., who has staggered slightly with his hand at his heart. OLD NICK catches him.*) My boy, you're trembling. It's no time now to lose courage. The fight isn't over yet. How much ammunition have you left? What securities have you used up, so far?

VANALSTYNE, JR. I was about to go to the Safe Deposit, to get our securities.

VANALSTYNE. Just going!

MUSGRAVE. He mislaid the keys, sir.

VANALSTYNE. The devil he did!

MUSGRAVE. I have just brought them to him.

VANALSTYNE. Then hurry up! Bring all there are. We may need them to-day. (*Returning R. to indicator.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*aside*). I shall win the battle yet. (*Exit up C., hurriedly.*)

VANALSTYNE. Musgrave, follow my son; he'll need your assistance. (*Exit MUSGRAVE up C.*) The bears have had everything their own way this morning. (*Looking at tape.*) But I'll toss 'em; the weather is changing; it will soon begin to rain bears. (*Stop ticker.*)

(*Re-enter FLINT, goes to his desk, takes a paper and starts to go C., sees the ladies as they enter. Enter MRS. CORNELIA OPDYKE and LADY MARY up C. from L.; LORD ARTHUR walks in quietly behind them.*)

FLINT. Ladies! (*Takes chair from table L., places it C. for CORNELIA.*)

VANALSTYNE. Mrs. Opdyke! Helloa, Mary!

CORNELIA. We have come down to Wall Street on business.

FLINT. You received my note. (*Then to VANALSTYNE.*) The Louisville and West Tennessee, preferred, which you instructed me to transfer to Mrs. Opdyke.

VANALSTYNE (*moving to CORNELIA, C.*). I signed the papers yesterday. (*LORD ARTHUR walks down R. C., the indicator begins to tick, he starts around and stands staring at it through his glass; LADY MARY has dropped into chair up R. C.; FLINT has gone to safe up R. C., opening it and counting over a bundle of shares.*)

CORNELIA. I believe I am under great obligation to you, Mr. Vanalstyne, for letting me have these railway shares. Mr. Flint tells me they are the choicest now in the market. (*Ticker.*)

VANALSTYNE. Don't mention it, madam. I'm very glad to serve you. (*Aside.*) If the Rev. Dr. Hilton knew I had the widow's fortune in my control, the vestry meeting, next week, would be interesting. (*Returning R. he stops suddenly, looking at LORD ARTHUR, who is still staring at indicator. It stops ticking. LORD ARTHUR turns; glances up at VANALSTYNE a moment, then quietly crosses L. front.*) I wish that was a bear cub, instead of a British lion. I'd toss it so high, to-day, it'd never come down. (*LORD ARTHUR sits L.*)

LADY MARY (*rising*). I came down on business, too; my little flyer on Salt Lake City and Denver, at ten days! (*Going to indicator.*)

VANALSTYNE (*R. C.*). This is the day. I'm sorry, old girl, but you've lost that little wedding present, (*chuckling*) and I've got it.

LADY MARY. (*She has picked up the tape and is looking at it.*) Oh, no! Here it is now; just come, on the ticker. It's thirty-five to-day. (*Looks up slyly at OLD NICK.*) I saw a twinkle in your eye, governor, when you gave me that pointer. You advised me to buy at forty-six. I sold at that figure—you bought. (*Laughs.*)

VANALSTYNE. I!

FLINT. (*During previous speech, he has come down to his desk, comes down to OLD NICK.*) Five thousand shares, sir!

VANALSTYNE. I! That rubbish!—at forty-six? Five thousand rat-traps!

FLINT. Here is your order to me, sir. (*Hands him order.*)

VANALSTYNE (*looking at order, then at MARY*). Is this the order you wrote out and brought me to sign?

LADY MARY. I wrote two of them. You read one and signed the other.

FLINT. The difference due Lady Mary is fifty-five thousand dollars. (*Returning to safe.*) Commission to us from both sides.

VANALSTYNE (*bursting suddenly into hearty laughter*). Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Kiss your dad! (*Goes to her; seizes her in his arms; kisses her.*) Exactly like her mother. (*Crosses to C.*) I always tried to do Matilda out of her anniversary presents. (*Walking L.*) But she doubled them on me every year. (*Stops suddenly before LORD ARTHUR, then turns up L. to CORNELIA.*)

LORD ARTHUR. My American father-in-law hasn't got over being surprised every time he meets me, yet. (*The indicator ticks, LADY MARY looks at tape.*)

LADY MARY. Henrietta!

CORNELIA (*springing to her feet*). The Witch of Wall Street! (LADY MARY looks sternly across at LORD ARTHUR; he sits and speaks with all the injured dignity he can assume.)

LORD ARTHUR. Lady Mary! I still insist that Henrietta is a chestnut filly from Kentuckissippiana, or some other damned American state, at the races at St. Jerome Park. (*The indicator stops.*)

LADY MARY (*looks sternly at LORD ARTHUR*). I am surprised, Lord Arthur Trelawney, that you should persist so long in trying to deceive me. (*Turns and reads tape slowly.*) "Henrietta is now eighty-five." (*Slight pause.*)

CORNELIA (*rises suddenly*). Dr. Hilton said she was a young woman.

VANALSTYNE (*OLD NICK at back of CORNELIA, trying to suppress laughs, then comes round to C.*). Let me set you right, Mrs. Opdyke. Ten days ago, it was necessary to conceal matters; but it's an open fight now. Henrietta is not a woman. It is only the Henrietta Railway and Mining Company. There is a Witch of Wall Street and she is on the list of the Stock Exchange; but her name isn't Henrietta. Doctor Hilton and I made up that little story to put you off the track. Henrietta is not a woman. (*He takes chair up stage, and CORNELIA goes up L. C. with him.*)

LADY MARY. O-h! Artie, dear! (*Crosses stage in front to L. with arms extended and picks him up and stands him on his feet.*) My darling, sweet little English lord! And I haven't let you go outside the house, alone, since we arrived in New York. My poor, dear, little Artie! (*Patting him under the chin.*)

LORD ARTHUR. I always said it was only a chestnut filly.

LADY MARY. Ha! ha! ha! ha! My dear, innocent pet! (*Turns to CORNELIA.*) Cornelia, my love, there's another private room on the other side of the hall. Lord Arthur and I will wait there till you are ready. Come, Artie, dear! (*Apart.*) I owe you a thousand kisses. (*Goes up stage with her arm about LORD ARTHUR. Both go up stage rapidly, laughing and talking ad lib. until well off C. and L.*)

VANALSTYNE (*both VANALSTYNE and CORNELIA come down C., VANALSTYNE on R.*). I hope you will forgive me for deceiving you, Mrs. Opdyke.

CORNELIA. And I've been wronging our dear, good pastor all this time.

VANALSTYNE. Oh, by jove! (*Aside.*) It lets him out as well as me.

FLINT (*rises from desk with check and crosses to COR-*

NELIA). Mrs. Opdyke, if you will sign this check for three hundred and sixteen thousand dollars, to the order of Mr. Vanalstyne, the transaction will be completed.

CORNELIA. Certainly. (*Both go to desk L., FLINT hands her pen, she signs check, gives it to him, he crosses to VANALSTYNE.*)

FLINT. The railway shares are in my safe. (*The indicator ticks.*)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). I hope I shan't be obliged to ruin that railroad company to freeze out the parson. (*Crossing R.*) I'll propose to the widow before he has a chance to see her again.

FLINT (*the check in his hand*). Where shall I deposit Mrs. Opdyke's check for you?

VANALSTYNE. What bank is it on?

FLINT. The Security.

VANALSTYNE. Transfer it to my own account in the same bank. (*FLINT goes to his desk.*) I may have to draw on it this afternoon. My other accounts are very low to-day. (*At indicator.*) Hello! What's this? (*Reads.*) "The bears have suddenly resumed their attack on the Vanalstyne stocks." Henrietta is going down again. Flint! (*Comes down to him R. C.*) What margin have you left for us?

FLINT. I can order ten thousand more shares.

VANALSTYNE. Do it—in Henriettas—at once.

FLINT. Yes, sir. (*Goes to R. D.*)

VANALSTYNE. It is time Nicholas returned.

FLINT. His worthy son has evidently got the securities in his own hands and is using them. (*Exits R.; indicator stops.*)

CORNELIA. Well! (*Rises from desk.*) We have completed this business matter. I will go. (*Starts to go up C.*)

VANALSTYNE (*turns to her*). Don't you be in a hurry.

CORNELIA. Lady Mary is waiting.

VANALSTYNE. But *I* haven't completed my business with you, madam.

CORNELIA. Indeed!

VANALSTYNE. No! (*Holds tape in right hand, looks at her, then at tape several times undecidedly, then drops tape and goes to her C.*) I'm in love with you.

CORNELIA. Eh?

VANALSTYNE. And I want you to be my wife.

CORNELIA. What!

VANALSTYNE. You heard what I said. I know I'm a rough, blunt man, and I can't describe my feelings as another man might, that didn't love you half as much.

CORNELIA (*turning away*). At last!

VANALSTYNE. But my heart—— (*The indicator ticks. He stops abruptly and goes back to it, watching tape.*)

CORNELIA (*aside, still looking away*). I must not yield too easily, but I do like him. (*Aloud.*) Go on, sir. (*Aside.*) His tongue falters.

VANALSTYNE. Holy Moses!

CORNELIA. Eh? (*Turning.*)

VANALSTYNE. I've got to back out of this.

CORNELIA. Sir?

VANALSTYNE. Henrietta down to seventy-six. The old lady is getting me into a trap. Why the devil doesn't Nicholas return with those securities? (*Turns squarely towards her.*) They've got the old bull in a corner.

CORNELIA. Really, sir, I don't know what all this has to do with—with—— (*Indicator stops.*)

VANALSTYNE. Oh, of course! As I was saying. (*Backs away from ticker.*) I've been in love with you since we first met. I have loved you more and more from that day to this. You *must* be my wife.

CORNELIA. *Must*? (*Looks away L.*)

VANALSTYNE. Yes, madam—must! And if any man dares to come between us, I'll choke him—through his white cravat—damn him. (*Shakes his fist at audience.*)

CORNELIA. Oh, he is delightful!

VANALSTYNE. I love you, Cornelia, with all my strength—with a love that will not be denied. It *shall* not be denied——

CORNELIA. Do give me time.

VANALSTYNE. How much? (*Roughly.*)

CORNELIA. Time—to—say—"Yes."

VANALSTYNE. Yes! (*Throwing out his arms eagerly.*)

CORNELIA. Y-e-s. (*Spreading her arms and falling back towards him. The indicator ticks. He drops his arms and rushes to it, leaving her to totter back over her skirts and sit squarely on the floor. She springs up at once and stands like an enraged tigress, glaring at him. He is staring at the tape.*)

VANALSTYNE. The old girl is down again.

CORNELIA. Mr. Vanalstyne!

VANALSTYNE. That's the worst tumble I ever saw in so short a time.

CORNELIA. I say no—no—no—no!

VANALSTYNE. Sixty-nine!

CORNELIA. A thousand times—no! (*Sweeps up stage, throws open both doors with her hands, angrily, and exits rapidly.*)

VANALSTYNE. Cornelia! Cornelia! Cornelia! (*Has tape in right hand, half turning each time to see, as if undecided whether to follow or remain at ticker, but remains at ticker. The indicator ticks.*)

(Enter FLINT, R., *hurriedly*; comes down to VANALSTYNE, R. C.)

FLINT. Bad news, Mr. Vanalstyne! My partner sends word that everything has gone by the board, and the whole Exchange is in full panic.

VANALSTYNE. "Sixty-eight." (*At ticker.*) Our margins are exhausted? (*Half turns to FLINT.*)

FLINT. Yes, sir.

VANALSTYNE (*looking at watch*; goes to C.; FLINT takes his place at ticker). Half-past two. If Nicholas doesn't return within ten minutes, we shall be wiped out. Ah! The three hundred thousand just received from Mrs. Opdyke in the Security Bank. That'll keep us afloat till he gets here. I'll give you a check for it. (*Sits at desk up L.*) We'll get ahead of them yet. (*Writing check.*)

FLINT (*reading tape*). "The chairman has just announced the failure of the Security Bank." (*Indicator stops.*)

VANALSTYNE. Failed! The Security? (*Starting up and throwing down his pen.* Enter VANALSTYNE, JR., up C.; comes down C.) Ah, you are here, my boy! (*Throws arms around his neck.*) The old bull is still alive. I'll toss them yet. The securities!

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*quietly*). I am sorry to say, father, that I have not got them.

VANALSTYNE. You—you haven't brought them? (*Staggers back toward C.*) And there's not a moment to lose. (*FLINT sits at his desk.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. There are no securities belonging to us in the safe deposit vaults. Our safe there is quite empty.

VANALSTYNE. A robbery! You lost your keys this morning. It was Musgrave found them.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Yes, Musgrave found them.

VANALSTYNE. He has been bribed by the opposition. We can punish him, poor wretch! (*Indicator ticks.*)

FLINT (*business of reading tape from chair without rising*). "Henrietta—sixty-five." (*Indicator stops.*)

VANALSTYNE (*in C., hands extended, listening anxiously for report*). We have lost the fight. (*Arms drop to his sides in despair.*) It has been a long battle and a hard one, and my entire fortune has been swept away. This is my Waterloo. (*Turns to VANALSTYNE, JR.*) Your fortune is gone also, my son. (*Crosses to VANALSTYNE, JR., and pats him on the back.*) But cheer up, Nick, old boy. You're still young, and I am only fifty-five. We'll begin life again together. The world's before us, and we'll enjoy the struggle. (*Enter MUSGRAVE up C., puts hat on*

chair as before. VANALSTYNE turns sharply, sees MUSGRAVE, motions for him to come down, which MUSGRAVE does, R. C.) Musgrave, you have a wife and family; I'll do what I can for them, but you must go to prison. (Then to FLINT.) Send for an officer.

MUSGRAVE. To prison?

VANALSTYNE. Where are those securities?

MUSGRAVE. I accompanied your son to assist him, as you instructed me. He did not wish me to do that, but I watched him all the way—for fear he might be robbed—from the Safe Deposit Company to the very door of Mr. Van Brunt's office. (MUSGRAVE bows his head.)

VANALSTYNE. Van Brunt! (OLD NICK puts his hand on his shoulder and MUSGRAVE raises his head, and they look at each other squarely in the face; then he turns slowly and looks at VANALSTYNE, JR.)

FLINT (aside). This is growing interesting.

VANALSTYNE, JR. My dear father! let me explain matters. You have thought it to your own interest to increase the value of the Henrietta Mining and Land Company. I have found that my interests lay in the opposite direction.

VANALSTYNE (removes hand from MUSGRAVE'S shoulder quickly, and starts back). Why, it is you, then, who have— (Half starting forward with raised hands. He clinches his fists firmly and checks himself; puts his hands behind his back with an effort.) Go on, sir!

VANALSTYNE, JR. I have done what seemed best for my own business interests. You have lost your fortune to-day, but I have gained one. I will settle upon you an allowance of ten thousand dollars a year. (Turns squarely to OLD NICK.)

VANALSTYNE. Scoundrel! (Darting across and seizing VANALSTYNE, JR., by the throat; forces him down before him.) You trembled when I said I would crush my enemy—tremble now! I told you it would be a death struggle between us; but his heart would cease to beat. Does yours beat now, you coward? By God! it will be the last time! (Throws him savagely on the floor; starts forward as if to crush him. VANALSTYNE, JR., says appealingly, "Father!") OLD NICK stops suddenly, looks at him, staggers back, and says) My son! My loved and trusted son! My God! my own son! (Staggers back up C. feebly, with face to the audience, then turns, throws both hands above his head, says) My God! my own son! (and staggers off L. C. Slight pause until NICK well off; then MUSGRAVE takes his hat hurriedly and exits after him. VANALSTYNE, JR., rises to his feet, stands down L., wavering slightly and breathing heavily.)

FLINT (*rises and crosses to C.*). Have you any orders at present for us?

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*stands with hand on heart, leaning heavily against desk L.*). Not to-day.

FLINT. I hope that you will favor our firm in your future operations. (*Exit up R. C.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. I shall be master of Wall Street yet. (*Rushes over to ticker; takes tape and is looking at it eagerly.*) The master of Wall Street!

(*Enter DR. WAINWRIGHT up C.; puts hat on L. table, then crosses hurriedly to VANALSTYNE, JR.; puts hand on his shoulder.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Vanalstyne, I have driven down from your house as rapidly as possible. Your wife told me you were here. I warned you yesterday that you should not leave your room for three days at the least.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Business is business.

WAINWRIGHT. Business—gambling—with the angel of death. I find the whole street in a furore of excitement. There are crowds surging to and fro, from Trinity Church to the Custom House. The newsboys are just calling a suicide. I have come to meet my enemy Death on his own ground to-day. (*Drags him away from ticker.*) You need rest at once. Come! (*They exeunt.*)

(*Enter BERTIE up C. His hat is crushed and his clothes in general disorder; one side of his collar sticking up and his necktie askew on the other side, his gloves half torn off and cuff torn and hanging down, etc., etc.*)

BERTIE. I have been introduced to the Stock Exchange. (*Comes down C.*) I shall never again refer in a light and profane way to the place of eternal punishment. The gentlemanly quiet that prevails at other gambling establishments in New York is Heaven. I got upon the floor at first, among the brokers, by accident. My hat was immediately jammed down over my eyes from behind. A policeman in the hall advised me to go to the gallery. I had no sooner worked my way to the front rail, than I was recognized by every man on the floor below. They all suddenly began to howl: “Henrietta!” As I reached the street, a man ran up to me and cried out: “How is Henrietta?” I knocked him down and proceeded on my way. Half a dozen newsboys ran by me, yelling at the top of their voices: “All about Vanalstyne and Henrietta.” My headache is cured. (*Goes L.; sits despondently at desk—*

(Enter MUSGRAVE, C. ; comes down C. The following scenes must be played with great rapidity.)

MUSGRAVE. Oh, Mr. Bertie, this is a sad day for all of us.

BERTIE. It is for me.

MUSGRAVE. Your father has lost his fortune.

BERTIE. Father! (Turns suddenly.)

MUSGRAVE. And I have lost all the little savings of a lifetime.

BERTIE. Father has lost his fortune? He gave me half a million dollars a few weeks ago. I'll give him back what there is left of it.

MUSGRAVE. How much have you? (Turns sharply to BERTIE.)

BERTIE. I've been getting rid of it as fast as I could, but there's more than four hundred thousand dollars left in the bank.

MUSGRAVE. In the bank? It is still there? Perhaps you can save him yet.

BERTIE. Where is he? I'll give it to him at once. (Starts to go.)

MUSGRAVE. No, no! It is too late for that. He is gone; and it is nearly three o'clock. Mr. Flint, make out a check to his order. (MUSGRAVE hurries across R. ; BERTIE goes to desk up L. ; MUSGRAVE calls out up R. C.) Mr. Flint! (Soliloquizes.) He can order forty thousand shares with that margin and the enemy is unprepared. They think the victory is gained. The panic will set the opposite way like a torrent. (Looks at watch.) Ten minutes to three. The last moment. (Turns up, calls.) Mr. Flint! (Moving L. to BERTIE, who is writing check.)

(Enter FLINT up R. C. ; comes to ticker.)

FLINT. What is it, Musgrave? Ah, Bertie, your fifty thousand dollars is gone.

MUSGRAVE. No, here—here! (Crosses with check.)

FLINT (taking it). Four hundred thousand; what shall I buy with this?

BERTIE. Peanuts, if you like. Musgrave will tell you.

MUSGRAVE. Henrietta! Henrietta!!

BERTIE (starting to his feet). What the devil do you mean by that?

FLINT. I'll go on the floor myself with this order. Forty thousand shares. It may turn the battle at the last moment. (Takes hat from his desk and rushes off C. and L.)

MUSGRAVE. It will. (Goes to ticker, picks up tape and stands eagerly scanning it.) The last sale was at sixty-five. It will soon be bouncing upwards.

BERTIE (rolls up coat sleeves, buttons his coat, fixes his

hat on straight, and crosses slowly to MUSGRAVE, and puts his hand on his shoulder). Musgrave! in speaking to Mr. Flint just now, you referred to a certain young woman. Permit me to say that I have great respect for your age, but I am a dangerous man.

MUSGRAVE. The last moment!

BERTIE. I have already knocked down one man to-day. I have not decided yet what I shall do to you, if you mention that lady's name again in my presence, but I'm prepared to knock down any number of men of suitable age, for that purpose. (*Returns to desk L.*)

MUSGRAVE (*still looking at tape*). Mr. Flint hasn't got there yet; but it will soon go up.

(*Enter VANALSTYNE, JR., from door L.; hurriedly followed by DR. WAINWRIGHT.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. Be patient, doctor! I'll return in a moment; but I must see the closing quotation. (*Crosses hurriedly to indicator, throws MUSGRAVE aside roughly, seizes tape eagerly. WAINWRIGHT stands up L.; MUSGRAVE drops back R. C.; VANALSTYNE, JR., looks at the tape.*) There is no further danger. Henrietta has gone to pieces. (*Indicator ticks.*)

BERTIE. She has gone to pieces. (*A broad smile, changing into a look of horror, then to a smile again.*) I am glad of it.

WAINWRIGHT. The infernal machine is still at work. It kills more men than dynamite.

VANALSTYNE, JR. (*with sudden interest, giving the words one by one as they come off the indicator*). "Heavy and unexpected—orders—for—the Vanalstyne—Stocks."

MUSGRAVE (*aside*). Flint is on the floor. He's carrying everything before him. There's a crowd of howling demons around him now. The panic is setting in the opposite way like a torrent.

VANALSTYNE, JR. Wild excitement! Prices bounding up—seventy-nine—eighty! (*He draws up, bringing his hand to his heart and stepping back R. C.; the DOCTOR starts, watching him; MUSGRAVE rushing down to indicator.*)

MUSGRAVE (*reading*). Eighty-three, eighty-five. Ha—ha! (*Turning to VANALSTYNE, JR.*) You tried to ruin your father—it is you who are ruined. Henrietta is safe! (*Points exultantly to VANALSTYNE, JR., who has staggered to C. and fallen into WAINWRIGHT'S arms.*)

BERTIE. Damn Henrietta! (*Rushes out of door L.*)

MUSGRAVE. "Eighty-eight,—ninety." (*Indicator stops.*) One point higher than it was yesterday, and—and the Exchange is closed. (*Rushes up, wheels down armchair to C.; WAINWRIGHT places VANALSTYNE, JR., in chair.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*looks up to MUSGRAVE*). Water! water! (*MUSGRAVE goes out R. D.; VANALSTYNE, JR., sinks into the chair.*)

(*Enter the REV. DR. HILTON up C. hurriedly and comes down C. rapidly.*)

HILTON (*anxiously*). Gentlemen, I—I have heard—is it true?—that Mr. Vanalstyne has been ruined? Believe me—I am deeply—very deeply—interested—I mean—concerned. (*Throws umbrella on FLINT'S desk. He suddenly moves down to the indicator and looks at tape, handling it nervously.*)

(*MUSGRAVE enters with water; the DOCTOR waves him away.*)

WAINWRIGHT. It is useless now. (*Goes to back of chair C.*)

MUSGRAVE. Useless! (*To VANALSTYNE, JR.*) Oh, sir, can you hear me? VANALSTYNE, JR., *opens his eyes, looking at him.*) The last words your father said to me, as he tottered into his carriage, was this: "Look after my son, Musgrave, and—and tell him I forgive him."

VANALSTYNE, JR. Forgive! (*Weakly closing his eyes.* MUSGRAVE *goes up slowly to L. table, places glass on table, and stands with back to audience, head bowed.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Doctor Hilton?

HILTON. Eh! (*Turns to WAINWRIGHT.*)

WAINWRIGHT. My duty as a physician is ended. A dying man, sir! (*Takes off hat and stands with head bowed.*) You are his pastor. (*Moving a step back and to the other side of the chair; HILTON moves a few steps towards them, half cringing and bewildered.* VANALSTYNE, JR., *slowly opens his eyes and leans forward on the arm of the chair, looking at HILTON.*)

VANALSTYNE, JR. One of your rich parishioners! (*Looks at HILTON as he speaks, drawing up to his full height and raising his arm to its full length, pointing upwards.*) Show me the way to heaven! (*HILTON cringes before him.* VANALSTYNE, JR., *bursts into a laugh.*) Ha!—ha!—ha! ha! You teach a man how to die! (*Then almost savagely, suddenly leaning forward and looking him straight in the face.*) Have you ever shown me how to live? You have robbed me of my hope. (*HILTON turns cringing and moves up R., stands with his back to the audience; the indicator ticks, VANALSTYNE, JR., starts; it stops; he rises, starts forward.*) Seventy-one—sixty-eight. (*Ticker stops.*) VANALSTYNE, JR., *staggers back into DOCTOR'S arms and sinks into chair; his head drops on his breast*

lifeless ; the DOCTOR places his hand over his patient's heart ; the indicator ticks a few times, and is silent.)

WAINWRIGHT. Tick on ! tick on ! Bring fortune—and despair—to the living ; the ear of a dead man cannot hear you. (*Indicator ticks till curtain is down.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE.

Everybody off stage except VANALSTYNE, JR. Ticker ticks slowly and sharply until curtain is down.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SAME AS ACT II.—DRAWING-ROOM OF VANAL-
STYNE MANSION.

LIGHT FANCY.

3 wings.
1 set door.
1 large arch.
1 large square opening.
Conservatory backing back of arch.
1 light fancy practical window.
Street backing behind window.
Interior backing back of set door.
Mirror backing behind mantel.
20-inch platform in large arch 6 × 8.
Steps from platform on the stage.
Light fancy borders.

NOTE.—Make all sets far down stage as possible ; close to proscenium.

PROPERTY LIST.

SAME AS ACT II., WITH A FEW SLIGHT CHANGES
OF FURNITURE.

1 small gilt easel.
1 cabinet photograph of man, *to destroy*.
1 large, richly carved table (gold), *not same as used in Act II.*
Books.
1 photograph of man on small easel on table R.
1 photograph of Dr. Wainwright on mantel L.
1 letter written and sealed, for Rose.
1 bundle of burnt letters in tissue paper, for Cornelia.
1 bundle of bonds for Musgrave.
1 inventory and pencil for Musgrave.
1 coin for Bertie.

NOTE.—Everything on this list must be in the theater before the arrival of company. Do not make any changes or alterations. The furniture for Acts II. and IV., satins, plushes, or brocatelles. The settings of this piece must be of the richest and most elaborate and expensive description.

GAS PLOT.

SAME AS ACT II.. EXCEPT THAT CHANDELIER,
STATUE-LIGHTS AND LOG ARE
NOT LIGHTED.

Change blue strip for white, back of conservatory.
Change blue bunch to white, back of window L. U. E.

NOTE.—When ceilings are used, only first border is lighted. All others must be taken up out of the way, When ceilings are *not* used, all borders full up. Strip lights on proscenium. Too much light cannot be given any of these scenes.

CALCIUM PLOT.

Same as Act II., excepting all lights change to white.
No medium behind fireplace L.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An interval of eighteen months. VANALSTYNE'S residence. The drawing-room as in Act II. Furniture differently arranged. Sofa down L. C., near mantel; table up C.; table down R.; on latter a small easel-frame, with cabinet photograph, facing up stage; an ottoman down L.; armchair up R. C.; sunlight through conservatory roof and sides; the plants in conservatory re-arranged; the curtains of the French window in reception-room up L. drawn, showing balcony and street beyond; fire in grate—December. Discovered: AGNES, standing in the conservatory, half sitting on the railing against the further side of the arch. She has flowers in her hands, toying with them.*

AGNES. Almost a year and a half since I went away. It doesn't seem possible. Everything in the house looks so natural. It's over two hours since I got home, and I haven't seen Bertie yet. I—I'm very glad. I suppose I oughtn't to be, but I am glad that Bertie missed the steamer for Europe to-day.

(Enter ROSE up L. C. She walks in slowly, looking at the address of an unopened note. She pauses, down C., still looking at it.)

ROSE. From Dr. Wainwright. *(Starts to tear it open; stops.)* I know what it must contain. His last words to me yesterday, and his last look, told me plainly enough. *(Sighs.)* He loves me. *(Pats her hand with the envelope irresolutely.)* I—I'm sure I—I have never said anything to—to encourage him. *(Sighs again; turning R., stands before table.)* Dr. Wainwright has been a kind, dear friend, and I—I have always been glad to—to have him call—even when it was not absolutely necessary in the line of his professional duty, but I have never said one word to lead him to think that I—that I—but how foolish I am—I dare say it is only a prescription. I was threatened with a cold when he was here yesterday. *(She is opening the envelope. Her eyes rest on the portrait on the table. She stops suddenly, drops the note on the table, and sinks upon the ottoman, looking at the picture.)* My husband, the idol of my girlish dreams! Can I have a single thought that is not devoted to your memory? *(AGNES comes down the steps, C., to ROSE; puts arm around her neck affectionately.)*

AGNES. Rose, darling! That's just the way I saw you sitting and looking at his picture, eighteen months ago,

before I went away to Boston. I wish you could think of something else, dear. That's a note from Dr. Wainwright, isn't it?

ROSE. Yes! (*Snatching it up hastily.*) Some advice about my health—that is—I haven't read it yet—but—(*Thrusts note into her bosom; both rise; ROSE crosses to L.; AGNES remains C.*) Agnes, I have something very close to my heart, and I want to talk with you about a certain gentleman. I told him you were coming home from Boston to-day, and I asked him to call.

AGNES. Mr. Watson Flint?

ROSE. Yes, darling. He has loved you for a long time, and he has talked about you to me, every time we have met, since you first went away.

AGNES. Do you know where Bertie is?

ROSE. Have you been very unhappy in Boston, dear? (*Both cross and sit on sofa, L.*)

AGNES. I ought to have been happy, our dear old aunts in Charlestown were so kind.

ROSE. Some of your letters to me were very sad.

AGNES. How did Bertie happen to miss the steamer this morning? You said he was going to Europe to stay six months, in the same letter that you said that I might come back from Boston.

ROSE. I will be perfectly frank with you, Agnes. I did not wish you and Bertie to meet again.

AGNES. You have always been my mother, dear; the only mother I ever knew, and I know that my happiness is nearer to your heart than your own. After you told me that Bertie was so—so very wicked—I—I wouldn't have married him for the world. I am very glad you did send me away. (*Turning her face away and touching her eyes.*)

ROSE (*crosses to table, R., and sits; AGNES comes C.*). I fear these eighteen months have not cured her dear little heart. Have I been as true to my first love as she? (*Looking at picture.*)

(*Enter BERTIE down R.; he stops R. C., as he sees AGNES.*)

BERTIE. Agnes! (*She looks around at him with a slight start, dropping her eyes. He steps forward, extending his hand; withdraws it, then extends it again, with another step towards her. She moves toward him with downcast eyes and timid manner, laying her hand in his.*) Thank you. I—I'm very glad to see you again!

AGNES. I—I'm sure, I'm—I—

BERTIE. I heard yesterday morning that you were coming home to-day. (*She suddenly withdraws her hand and runs to ROSE, who rises, R. C.*) That's the reason I missed the steamer this morning. I tried to tell the coachman to

hurry, but I couldn't. (*Walking L., puts hat on mantel and umbrella in corner.*)

(*Enter WATSON FLINT up L. C.; comes down C.*)

FLINT. Agnes, I am delighted to see you again. (*Moving down and taking her hand.*)

AGNES. Thank you, Mr. Flint.

FLINT. I have come up from the office expressly to meet you. A lively day at the Exchange. (*Looking across at BERTIE, and still holding AGNES' hand.*) Money at fifteen per cent., and stocks going down with a rattle. (*To AGNES.*) I have longed for this moment, Agnes, since you first left us.

ROSE. Agnes and I are going into the library. Won't you join us there?

FLINT. With pleasure, but I have a little business matter to talk over with Bertie. I'll be with you presently. (*ROSE inclines her head and goes R. with AGNES. AGNES goes out R. ROSE looks back at FLINT, who joins BERTIE, L.*)

ROSE (*aside*). I am not quite sure that Watson would make a woman happy. (*She takes the note from her bosom, opens it, and walks out down R., reading it.*)

FLINT. I came up at once, as soon as I heard you missed the steamer. An unexpected turn in the market in your favor, as usual. I thought you would lose in that last venture, but you have a large profit. I little thought two years ago, Bertie, that you would be known to-day as the Young Napoleon of Wall Street. Any further orders?

BERTIE. Yes, A. T. and S. F. I think those are the letters—but I don't care much what portion of the alphabet you use.

FLINT (*feels in all pockets for note-book and pencil; finding no book, he uses L. cuff and makes memorandum on it*). Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé.

BERTIE. Oh!—that's it. I never have the remotest idea what any particular combination of letters means, but I've got the list by heart. Five thousand shares on the red— (*FLINT looks at him in surprise.*) I mean—at thirty days.

FLINT. Current rates, I suppose. Buy or sell?

BERTIE. I will consider. (*He turns away, takes a coin from his pocket, and tosses it on his knee.*) Buy! (*Aside.*) I am the Young Napoleon of Wall Street.

FLINT (*during the following speech he continues writing on cuff, crosses R., and exits R. without looking up*). I'll send down the order at once by the telephone upstairs; then I'll join Agnes in the library. (*Going R., aside.*) How I love that girl! Six hundred and twenty-five dollars more to us. (*Exit down R.*)

BERTIE. If the right side of that fifty-cent piece continues to turn up, I shall be a Wall Street giant. (*Walking R.*) Heigho! (*Sighs.*) I always win; it's getting monotonous. The old proverb is true, "Unlucky in love, lucky at cards." (*Looking at the picture on the table.*)

(*Enter DR. PARKE WAINWRIGHT up L. C. ; he walks down and stands a second, looking over BERTIE'S shoulder.*)

WAINWRIGHT. You are looking at your brother's picture, Bertie.

BERTIE (*looking up*). Doctor!

WAINWRIGHT. I know what you are thinking about. Agnes has returned.

BERTIE. Yes.

WAINWRIGHT. And *his* crime still keeps you apart. I am the only man living who could clear your character and make you both happy.

BERTIE (*takes the DOCTOR'S hand*). You have told me from the first that you would do so at any moment if I asked you.

WAINWRIGHT. I should be bound in justice to do that.

BERTIE. I do not ask you. (*Drops DOCTOR'S hand.*)

WAINWRIGHT. I am grateful to you for that, Bertie—it would pain her too deeply.

BERTIE. When Brother Nicholas died a black curtain was drawn over it all. Perhaps things will come right some day; but I can't open his grave, it would be too horrible. You have come to see Rose.

WAINWRIGHT. Yes.

BERTIE. I will go. I don't think it is a case which requires a consultation of physicians. I will go. (*Walking up stage. Exit up L. C.*)

WAINWRIGHT. His memory stands between them like a solid wall. (*Looking at the picture.*) His *sacred* memory! The mere shadow of treachery and deceit. (*Walking L.*)

(*Enter ROSE down R. Her eyes are drooped and her hands folded. He turns and looks at her. They bow to each other gravely.*)

ROSE. Dr. Wainwright!

WAINWRIGHT. I wrote to you less than half an hour ago, but I could not wait for your reply.

ROSE. I—I—was just writing a note to you when the servant brought me word that you wished to see me.

WAINWRIGHT. Forgive my impatience! What was your answer?

ROSE. I—I began—and tore it up—half a dozen times.

WAINWRIGHT. "Yes?"—or "No?"

ROSE. I forget which the last one was.

WAINWRIGHT. Ah! (*Springing towards her. She starts.*)

ROSE. I mean——

WAINWRIGHT. You mean "yes." I will give you no time to change it again.

ROSE. Oh, I have misled you. I did not intend to say what I did. I have hesitated—but I—I—— (*Sees the picture.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Rose!

ROSE (*quietly*). Dr. Wainwright!

WAINWRIGHT. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vanalstyne.

ROSE. You may call me "Rose." We have been such sincere friends, and for so long a time. You seem like one of the family.

WAINWRIGHT. Heigho! (*Sighing.*) I have received your answer.

ROSE. I told you I tore them all up.

WAINWRIGHT. You were hesitating only to find the kindest words for a refusal; but we cannot be merely friends any longer.

ROSE. You will come to see me—to see us all—as heretofore?

WAINWRIGHT. If you are in pain or danger, Rose, (*taking her hand gently in his*) I will still be at your side. (*Looking into her eyes.*) I shall count my skill as nothing, except when it brings relief to *you*. That is all I have valued it for in the past. My only prayer to heaven for myself is this: "When the inevitable time comes at last, that a physician's skill is useless, I pray that another may be at your bedside and I in the grave." (*Starts to go; then more lightly.*) In the meantime, I hope you will not need my services often, but when you do, send for me. (*Presses her hand gently and goes up stage. She watches him and checks him with an "Ah!" He stops up L. C. near door, looking back.*)

ROSE. You are not leaving so soon? Don't go, please—just now. I—I'm not feeling very well this afternoon. (*Crosses to L. She drops upon a sofa quickly, turning her face away and looking down. He walks down and leans upon the back of sofa, looking down at her with a smile.*)

WAINWRIGHT. What are your symptoms?

ROSE. I—I hardly know. I—I have never felt exactly like this before. (*Drops her head.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Is your heart beating regularly? (*Takes her hand.*)

ROSE. Perhaps it is my heart; it hasn't been beating quite regularly since—since——

WAINWRIGHT. Since you have been in such distressing doubt as to how you should answer my note?

ROSE. For the last twenty minutes or so.

WAINWRIGHT. Your hand is warm. (*Raising it in his own.*) A trifle feverish, perhaps. Let me see your face. (*She looks up at him, her hand still resting in his.*) Your eyes look strange to me. No—not strange; for they remind me of the eyes that looked into mine six years ago, on the day we first met. Do you wonder, Rose, that I learned to love the sweet young girl I met so often in her rounds of charity, or that I love her now?

ROSE. The poor people all told me how generous and kind you were to them.

WAINWRIGHT. My charity was a selfish one, I fear; I visited those that you did twice as often as the rest.

ROSE (*turning back her head, looking up at him, and placing her other hand on his*). You have loved me so long?

WAINWRIGHT. With a love that is all the stronger because—because it was once hopeless. Oh, the agony I suffered when I first saw those eyes turn with love upon another! (*Removing her hands from his quickly, she starts, sitting upright and looking before her.*)

ROSE. Leave me! leave me! They shall not turn away from him now. (*Dropping her face into her hands, weeping and rising; walks R.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Your love is mine, Rose—not his! Mine by right! (*Passionately moving down R.*) I loved you before he saw you, and when he gained your heart I suffered in silence. I bore the torture for months and years. I saved him from death, that you might not suffer as I had. But heaven itself decreed that you should be free; that you should return at last my long-tried love. You are mine, Rose—mine!

ROSE. No, no, no! I will not forget him—I cannot! (*Dropping on chair.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*almost fiercely*). His memory shall not stand between us. I will tell you the truth—the whole truth. (*She looks up at him suddenly.*) That man to whom you gave your spotless life; that man to whom you brought the perfect faith of a young girl; that— (*She has risen to her feet and is looking at him in amazement. He stops abruptly, looks into her eyes, and moves back a step.*) What was I about to do? What have I been saying? I’m dreaming! I am wild! My words mean nothing—nothing! Cling to your memories, Rose; they are tender and pure, like the heart in which they grow. If a new love for me cannot grow among them, let it die. (*Starts to go.*)

(Enter MRS. CORNELIA OPDYKE up L. C. in carriage dress and a cloak ; comes to C.)

CORNELIA. Oh, I beg your pardon !

ROSE (turns to her quickly). Cornelia !

CORNELIA. Sorry to interrupt you, but I *must* have a few moments' conversation with you, Rose—in private. Doctor—— (She comes down C.)

WAINWRIGHT. I have just finished my own call. (Bow-ing to ROSE, she returns it. He turns up stage.)

CORNELIA. Don't leave the house just yet. I shall have something to say to you also. I'll meet you in the—the little pink room at the end of the hall.

WAINWRIGHT. I will wait for you. (Bows and exits L.)

CORNELIA (stands C., looking off after DOCTOR). Rose—I should be in love with that man, if you weren't.

ROSE. What nonsense, Cornelia.

CORNELIA. Not a bit of it ; I really should. (Comes down C.) My dear, I am a pauper !

ROSE. What !

CORNELIA. I have lost my entire fortune.

ROSE. Oh !

CORNELIA. Your father-in-law, Mr. Nicholas Vanal-styne, was the man that did it. It's what he calls "a turn in the street." I call it highway robbery in the street. My agent informs me this morning that the railway stock I bought of Mr. Vanalstyne, a year and a half ago, isn't worth a penny.

ROSE. My dear ! (Crosses to CORNELIA.)

CORNELIA. I haven't a penny in the world ; that is—there are a few pennies lying loose on my dressing table and a few thousand dollars in the bank. I owe that to my dressmaker. But that isn't what I came to see *you* about. It's quite a different matter. (ROSE crosses. Sitting on sofa L. C. ; ROSE sits R. on sofa.) I've brought a little package of dynamite with me. (ROSE starts slightly. CORNELIA takes a small packet from her bosom.) Here it is. I'm going to explode it—right here—now !

ROSE. Dynamite !

CORNELIA. One doesn't like to interfere in family mat-ters, you know ; otherwise, I should have taken the roof off this house long ago. I have hesitated ; and this little packet of *nitro-glycerine* has lain all this time, in one of my jewel caskets. But when you told me, this morning, that Agnes was to come back to-day, and Mr. Watson Flint was still anxious to marry her, and Bertie was going to Europe, only he missed the steamer—and I do believe he did it on purpose—I took this little bundle of *gun-cotton* out of my dressing case, as soon as I got home. "Now is your time to go off," said I.

ROSE. Cornelia, what *are* you talking about?

CORNELIA. You are in love with Dr. Wainwright.

ROSE. As I have told you before, Cornelia— (*Turns away.*)

CORNELIA.—It is nonsense. Of course it is—and very delightful nonsense, too. I've seen it coming on gradually for the last six months. I've been waiting for it.

ROSE. I will not allow (*rises*) you to speak so flip-pantly on a subject which ought to be sacred, even to you. No, Cornelia, I am still true—I shall always be true—to *his* memory. (*Crosses to table R., looking at picture.*) CORNELIA *rises, follows her C. and remains up C.; bursts into hearty laughter.* ROSE *looks at her, startled and shocked.*)

CORNELIA. True to *his* memory! (*Points to picture.*)

ROSE. Cornelia, this is horrible! You are cruel—heart-less! It is sacrilege!

CORNELIA. True to that miserable traitor and lying knave! (*Pointing at the picture.*) False alike to his father, to his brother, and to his wife!

ROSE. I will not listen to you—I will not believe you.

CORNELIA. No! Listen to *him*;—believe your own eyes. Do you remember, one night—I was visiting here, and happened to be looking over the railing, up there—you accused your husband's younger brother of ruining and deserting a woman who loved him? You gave him a packet of letters, that had been written to her by her lover and you asked him if he recognized the handwriting. (*She opens the packet, folding back the tissue paper covering deliberately and revealing a charred, half-burnt packet of letters. Extends it toward ROSE.*) Do *you* recognize the handwriting? (*ROSE takes letters, still looking at CORNELIA, turns face to audience, then looks at letters slowly, starts, exclaims "Ah!" drops letters at her feet, falls in chair, head on arm, sobbing on table.*) I picked that out of the fire, where Bertie had thrown it. I *thought* things were not quite as they appeared to be. I knew both of the brothers so well.

ROSE. Cornelia! Cornelia! (*Rises, dropping her head on CORNELIA'S shoulder and weeping.* CORNELIA *pats her gently.*)

CORNELIA. Let the tears flow, my darling. (*Aside.*) They'll soon wash out all there is left of his memory in her heart.

ROSE. I am ill, Cornelia! I am ill!

CORNELIA. Yes, my dear! Shall I call Dr. Wainwright?

ROSE (*starting up, moving R.*). Oh, don't do that!

CORNELIA. I'll send the Doctor to you.

ROSE. Not for the world.

CORNELIA. I'll send him away.

ROSE. O, no! You—you needn't do that. (*Goes R. looks around at CORNELIA. Exits rapidly.*)

CORNELIA (*calling after her and laughing heartily*). He's in the little pink room, at the end of the hall. I'll tell the Doctor to wait there till she comes to him for professional advice; but I must clear things up. (*Seeing the charred letters on the floor, she picks them up and lays them on the table, then draws the photograph from the frame, tears it up, placing the pieces on the pile, crosses and throws the whole into the fire L.; her eyes catch a photograph on the mantel, she takes it in her hands.*) What an excellent likeness of Dr. Wainwright. (*She starts to return picture to mantel, looks across at empty frame, then decidedly she recrosses and places it in the empty frame.*) My dynamite explosion has cleared the atmosphere. Now, for the Doctor. I will send him to her. (*She goes up C.* NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE *walks in down R. He stops R., seeing her.*)

VANALSTYNE. Ahem! (*She stops up L. C.; he bows.*) Mrs. Opdyke!

CORNELIA (*turns on him savagely*). Monster! Robber! I will see you again presently. (*Sweeps out up L. C.*)

VANALSTYNE (*whistling softly*). The recent earthquake in Wall Street has been brought to her attention. This is my last deal, but it's a lively one. The Fourth of July of our forefathers was painfully quiet to what this celebration will be. It has cost me twelve hundred thousand dollars so far to ruin the Louisville and West Tennessee Railway Company. But I'm certain the parson will back out as soon as he knows that Mrs. Opdyke has lost her fortune. She's been flirting with him ever since I let her drop on the floor that day instead of catching her in my arms. I've worn out the boiler of my fastest trotting horse—I mean of my steam yacht—and ruined my best trotter, trying to reconcile her. It's no use. (*Sitting on sofa L. C.*) I've had to wreck that railway company after all. A woman never forgives a man for not hugging her when she expects him to.

(*Enter MUSGRAVE up L. C. with inventory. Comes down C. to VANALSTYNE.*)

MUSGRAVE. I've been over the books of the company and made all the necessary inquiries, Mr. Vanalstyne.

VANALSTYNE. M—m! Well? How many widows and orphans and helpless people generally have been struck by the failure of this company? (*Aside.*) I can't let them suffer, because I happen to be in love with a woman.

MUSGRAVE (*hands inventory to VANALSTYNE, who looks*

it over.) The whole amount of stock held by such people, or in trust for them, is a little over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, sir.

VANALSTYNE. Put 'em all down! (*Handing him the schedule. Aside.*) By jove!—widows aren't quoted at any such price in the market; but I want this particular widow, and I'm bidding against the church militant. (*Aloud.*) Did you get those bonds for me?

MUSGRAVE. Yes, sir. (*Taking bonds from pocket.*)

VANALSTYNE. Give them to me.

MUSGRAVE (*giving bonds*). Mr. Bertie's last operation is a success, sir—like all the rest.

VANALSTYNE. Yes; I'm proud of him.

MUSGRAVE. He has a wonderful head for finance—a genius, sir! (*Walks R.*) Great brains!—great brains! (*Exit down R.*)

VANALSTYNE. Bertie is his father's own boy. I shall retire from business permanently and leave a worthy successor—after this little operation.

(*Enter the REV. DR. MURRAY HILTON up L. C.*)

HILTON. Mr. Vanalstyne is here, James (*looking back as he enters; comes down.*) My dear and worthy friend. (*Extends hand effusively.*)

VANALSTYNE. Good morning, Hilton! (*Rising and placing the bonds in his pocket.*) I was just thinking of you. How are you getting on with Mrs. Opdyke?

HILTON. With—Mrs. Opdyke.

VANALSTYNE. You want to marry her.

HILTON. I did think at one time that you—

VANALSTYNE. She refused me.

HILTON. My dear friend! (*Grasping his hand.*) The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; but all things are for the best. I am convinced Mrs. Opdyke loves me, and your frankness reassures me. Our happy relations as shepherd and—and—

VANALSTYNE. Lamb—(*aside*)—with a fleece. (*Aloud.*) I'm rather old mutton, Doctor. But, go on!

HILTON. Our happy relations have led me to hesitate somewhat in expressing my feelings to the lady. But—I will be as frank with you as you have been with me—I have also hesitated for—for another reason.

VANALSTYNE. Can I give you a pointer?

HILTON. You can, and no one but you could do it. I have made inquiries elsewhere in vain. Do you happen to know the—the actual amount of our dear sister's—of—the amount of her worldly possessions?

VANALSTYNE. Mrs. Opdyke gave me a check about

eighteen months ago for three hundred and sixteen thousand dollars in exchange for railway shares drawing ten per cent. dividends.

HILTON. At par?

VANALSTYNE. At par. (*Walking R.*)

HILTON. Ten per cent. ! Something over thirty thousand dollars a year. (*Aside.*) I will hesitate no longer. My duty calls me. I will obey. (*Enter MRS. OPDYKE up L. C. ; comes down c. and L.*) She is here (*Bows.*) Mrs. Opdyke !

CORNELIA. Dr. Hilton !

VANALSTYNE. I believe you wish to speak with me, madam (*walking up*) on matters of business.

CORNELIA (*coldly*). I do, sir.

VANALSTYNE. I will see you again, presently. (*Imitating her previous exit, exits up steps and through conservatory up R. C.*)

CORNELIA. The wretch ! (*Crossing angrily, walking down R.*)

HILTON. Cornelia ! I trust that—that I may call you by that name hereafter. Indeed, I hope that I may call you by no other. I have just learned—that is—I—I—

CORNELIA. You have learned the truth ?

HILTON. I have learned what my true feelings are, and I cannot restrain them any longer. You know—you *know* that I love you. (*Taking her hands.*)

CORNELIA. Ah, Dr. Hilton, I feel now how deeply I have wronged you. I thought you were like some of the others who have sought my hand—that you were interested in my fortune.

HILTON. Cornelia, how could you !

CORNELIA. But you have come to me at a time when I have lost it all.

HILTON. I beg your pardon. What !

CORNELIA (*aside*). So, so, a study in natural history. I'll watch a crab walk backwards. (*Aloud.*) I have lost every penny of my fortune, but it only proves how sincerely you love me. My hand is yours.

HILTON. Believe me, madam—I— (*She advances toward him, her hand still extended. Same business for HILTON. VANALSTYNE appears in conservatory.*) I assure you, Mrs. Opdyke—that while I—while I— (*She again advances. HILTON looks at her hand as before, gasps and retreats to door up L. VANALSTYNE appears at conservatory, R., and coughs to attract attention.*)

VANALSTYNE. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away ! (*CORNELIA bursts into laughter and walks down L.*) Wouldn't you like some stock in the Louisville and—

HILTON. No ! You are utterly absorbed in worldly interests. I will return to my study and write a sermon.

(CORNELIA *steps toward HILTON third time. HILTON gasps.*) No! (*Exits.*)

CORNELIA. I'll hear that sermon. I'm sure he'll bring tears to my eyes. He certainly has to-day. (*Wiping her eyes and dropping upon the sofa.*)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). Now, it's my turn. (*On the steps. Aloud, coming down steps.*) My dear Mrs. Opdyke—

CORNELIA. Sir! (*Turning towards him savagely. He stops C. with a start.*)

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). I'd as soon offer myself to a lioness in Central Africa that hadn't dined for a week. (*Aloud.*) One day, some months ago—the day you bought some railway shares of me—

CORNELIA (*fiercely*). Well, sir!

VANALSTYNE (*starting, then aside*). I'm afraid she'll accept me in about the same way the lioness would. (*Aloud.*) I asked you on that day—I—I asked you to be my wife.

CORNELIA (*angrily*). You did, sir!

VANALSTYNE (*starting*). I—see you remember the circumstance.

CORNELIA. Distinctly.

VANALSTYNE (*aside*). She'll never forgive me for letting her tumble. (*Aloud.*) That was an accident, madam.

CORNELIA (*rising, angrily*). We need not recall the incident.

VANALSTYNE. Of course, I ought to have been there, when you—but you know—there was such a terrific fall—I mean, things went down so suddenly—that is—I would say—there was so much on the floor—the—so much on the floor of the Stock Exchange calling for my attention, that—well!—I ought to have been there when you fell into my arms, but I wasn't. We'll let that drop.

CORNELIA. Sir! (*Angrily.*)

VANALSTYNE. What I wanted to say to you was this: I loved you then, and I loved you before, and I've loved you ever since. I ruined your fortune on purpose (*she starts*) to wipe out the parson. Will you marry me?

CORNELIA (*aside*). He shall not compel me to be his wife through my poverty. (*Aloud, walking R.*) I will not marry you.

VANALSTYNE (*looking down and blinking his eyes*). Is that your final answer, Cornelia?

CORNELIA. It is my answer.

VANALSTYNE (*sighing*). My last deal is a failure. I—prepared myself for it. (*Taking bonds from his pocket.*) I did not intend to rob you. (*She turns to him.*) Here are some bonds that cover the entire amount that I took from you. (*Going to her and extending his hand with the package. She looks at it, then at him.*)

CORNELIA. Keep the bonds—and take me.

VANALSTYNE. Eh? (*Throwing the package over his shoulder.*)

CORNELIA (*falling back*). Be sure you're there this time. (*He catches her in his arms, brings her head to his breast, and is kissing her as BERTIE enters up L. C.*)

BERTIE. Father, what are you doing? (*VANALSTYNE looks up, still holding CORNELIA as if in a vise. She struggles to release herself.*)

VANALSTYNE (*turns to BERTIE, who comes down*). If you don't know what I'm doing, the sooner you learn the better. (*CORNELIA frees herself, starting to her feet and catching her breath.*)

CORNELIA. He—he *was* there. I've been in the paws of a lion.

VANALSTYNE. That one kiss was worth every dollar it cost me. All the others will be profit, Cornelia! (*Extending his hand. She puts her own into it timidly.*) Oh, I've only just begun. (*He leads her up R. C., and shows her up the steps; looks at BERTIE, pointing to the package on the floor.*) Young man! There's a wedding present for you. (*Goes up steps, following CORNELIA. They disappear in conservatory. BERTIE picks up the package and stands looking at it up L. C. AGNES runs in down R.; stops and looks at him.*)

BERTIE. A wedding present. (*Sighs; looks up.*) Agnes!

AGNES. Rose says it was all a terrible mistake, Bertie, and we may——

BERTIE. My darling! (*Throws package of bonds on sofa, hurrying down to her. She puts up her hands, checking him.*)

AGNES. Rose says it's all right—but—I want to know about all those Henriettas.

BERTIE. Oh! Henrietta is the name of a corporation.

AGNES. Which of 'em is the corporation—the ballet-dancer, the chestnut filly, or the witch?

BERTIE (*both sit on sofa, AGNES R., BERTIE L.*). I will explain. You see—the—the corporation—it—it isn't the ballet dancer; neither is the filly; *she* isn't the corporation either and the witch isn't. any of them—it's this way; the filly is one Henrietta—and so is the corporation; and the ballet girl, too; but the Witch of Wall Street—isn't. She's somebody else—also. Agnes!—I confessed to you at the very first, that I was as innocent as a new-born lamb, and you said you loved me in spite of it. I don't know anything more about Henrietta than you do and I never did.

AGNES. That's all *I* want to know. I don't care who

she is. (*Resting her head quietly on his breast. BERTIE drops his arm over her gently.*)

BERTIE. I've been thinking of you all by myself, ever since you went away, Agnes. I've been very lonely.

AGNES. So have I, Bertie.

BERTIE. But I love you now more than I ever did before I had suffered so much. I would like to kiss you, please. (*AGNES looks up, offers her cheek; BERTIE makes movement to kiss her, hesitates, then raises her hand to his lips and kisses it, saying—*) Thank you.

AGNES (*sadly*). You're welcome! (*Slight pause—AGNES looks away.*)

BERTIE. I would like to kiss you again. (*AGNES draws her hand away and offers her cheek—he kisses her.*)

AGNES (*demurely*). Thank you!

BERTIE. Don't mention it. We have been separated so long, Agnes, I will kiss you several times. (*He kisses her two or three times. LADY MARY enters in conservatory as he is doing so. She is looking back, stops at rail, sees BERTIE.*)

LADY MARY. Bertie, what are you doing? (*BERTIE and AGNES look up at her and cross L., his arm about AGNES.*)

BERTIE. If you don't know what I'm doing, the sooner you learn, the better.

LADY MARY. I just caught the governor; we're going to have a new mother. (*Comes down C., beckons R.*) Come on, governor. Ha—ha—ha—ha! Lovers all over the house. The market is booming.

Enter DR. WAINWRIGHT and ROSE up L. Her arm is in his and both are looking down demurely.

There's another pair! Where's Lord Arthur?

Enter LORD ARTHUR up L. C.; he is in knickerbockers, etc., he strolls down to table R. C. after all are on, LADY MARY crosses to him and stands by table at back. ROSE moves down to BERTIE, L.

ROSE. Bertie! (*Taking his hand.*) I know you now.

BERTIE. Sister! (*Crosses to her. She presses his hand, then kisses AGNES and returns to the DOCTOR, who meets her up C. WATSON FLINT enters down R.; he stops R. C., and looks at BERTIE, who has his arm about AGNES' waist; FLINT moves across to him.*)

FLINT (*firmly*). Bertie! (*BERTIE turns round.*) Have you any further orders for the Stock Exchange, to-day? (*Cuff business as before.*)

Enter VANALSTYNE and MRS. OPDYKE from conservatory.

BERTIE. Yes, the C. R. of N. J. Ten thousand shares.

VANALSTYNE (*with pride*). The Young Napoleon of Wall Street. (*Comes down c. and watches the following scene.*)

FLINT. Buy or sell?

BERTIE. I will consider. (*Tosses coin on his knee openly. VANALSTYNE starts forward, watching him.*) Sell.

VANALSTYNE. My son! (*Coming down and crossing to BERTIE. CORNELIA comes down.*)

FLINT. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars to us. (*Goes to sofa L., picks up bonds, stands at back of sofa, examining bonds.*)

VANALSTYNE (*to BERTIE, L.*). Is that your regular *modus operandi* on the street?

BERTIE. That is the intellectual process, father. It takes brain to deal at the Stock Exchange.

VANALSTYNE. Let me congratulate you, young man. (*Shakes hands.*) You have discovered the system on which the leading financiers of this great country conduct their business interests. (*Crosses R., encounters LORD ARTHUR, looks at him and goes up c. to CORNELIA.*)

LORD ARTHUR. I've been in this country nearly two years and I still continue to surprise him.

DR. WAINWRIGHT (*coming down c. with right arm around ROSE*). The business interests of the country, these money transactions, these speculations in life and death, there are more sacred interests than those, and they lie deeper in our hearts. (*AGNES and BERTIE extreme L., VANALSTYNE and CORNELIA on steps of conservatory R., FLINT behind sofa L., LORD ARTHUR and LADY MARY at R. table. WAINWRIGHT and ROSE c.*)

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